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"ACCIDENTAL DEATH" MAY PROVE TO BE MURDER

Friends Think Hans Reidel was not Killed by Train.

TWO MEN DISAPPEAR

Belief Prevails in Orviston That Robbery or Revenge Prompted Killing of Man Before N. Y. Central Train Mangled His Body.

That Hans Reidel did not meet an accidental death on the New York Central Railroad at Orviston, but was murdered and his lifeless body tossed upon the track, is the belief prevailing among many friends of the unfortunate man at Orviston. An account of Reidel's death, following which burial was made at Blanchard, was published recently in "The Republican."

Friends of Reidel strongly suspect that he was murdered for his money or as a Black Hand victim. A man whom they suspect as having knowledge of how Reidel died is missing. This man conducted a commissary in a train housing a crew of workmen, including Reidel. An Italian, also a member of the crew, disappeared at the same time. The two men were seen together in the mountains between Orviston and Romola and later were together at Howard.

Even among the foreigners in the train crew the opinion is openly expressed that Reidel was murdered. When Reidel's body was found on the track the head was completely severed from the body. The feet had also been cut off. Subsequent examination of the mangled corpse has convinced friends of Reidel that his head was severed with a sharp knife before it was placed on the track just before a fast train passed that point. Recently a brother of Reidel was found dead at Avis and under circumstances strikingly similar.

It was reported that the Centre County officials had undertaken an investigation. District Attorney Fortney said yesterday that the matter had been brought to his notice through the efforts of residents of Orviston to unravel the mystery. He did not reveal what steps had been or would be taken by him. There may be some developments in the next day or two.

GOOD ROADS MEETING

Public Discussion at Court House Next Thursday Night.

A meeting to advance the cause of good roads will be held in the Court House, in Bellefonte, on next Thursday evening, October 16th, at 8 o'clock. A special feature will be that ladies are not only invited but will be welcomed at the meeting.

Three strong addresses are scheduled for the evening, with Charles E. Foote, of New York, billed as the principal speaker. Warden John Francis, of the Western Penitentiary, and Dr. E. E. Sparks, president of The Pennsylvania State College, are also announced as speakers.

With the proposed \$50,000,000 bond issue conspicuously before the people and the question of State road building an important one in every section of the State, the meeting next Thursday night gives promise of being of more than ordinary interest. All three gentlemen who are expected to address the meeting are brilliant speakers and men who say things worth while. A large attendance is hoped for.

Fine Organ Recital.

An organ recital which will be a rare treat for residents of Bellefonte and vicinity will be held in the Catholic Church on Wednesday evening, October 22d, at 8 o'clock by Dr. Baldwin, of New York. Dr. Baldwin is ranked as the world's greatest organist and has played in all the leading cities, both here and abroad. Tickets will be 50c. Proceeds for the benefit of the church.

Concerned Over Smallpox.

A number of cases of smallpox are reported existing at Salona, Flemington and Mill Hill. The Mill Hill schools have been closed for the present. J. W. Nestlerode, of Salona, is among those ill from the dreaded disease. Another is William Harmon, superintendent of the Clinton County brick works.

Moving to State College.

P. A. Foreman, brother of Prothonotary D. F. Foreman, has sold his farm nearby Centre Hall and has purchased a property at State College, at which place he will make his future home.

COUNCIL IN SESSION

Routine Matters Chief Business Considered at Monday Night Meeting.

Bellefonte borough Council disposed of a number of routine matters at the regular meeting on Monday night. The long-standing controversy between Councilman Paul D. Sheffer and his colleagues over a request for permission to erect hitching posts in front of the Morris & Sheffer store, in Allegheny Street, had a mild finish. However, it was one entirely satisfactory to Mr. Sheffer, for without a word of discussion Council voted permission to erect three posts.

Council passed finally the ordinance vacating the old alley between Bishop and Pine Streets, nearby the Academy, at the same time executing an agreement with J. R. Hughes whereby the latter binds himself to keep open for traffic a driveway between the two streets, also to keep the driveway lighted at his own expense. The Lutheran church was accorded permission to tap a sewer and also the water main for the new parsonage in Linn Street, now in course of construction. Joseph L. Runkle appeared before Council and explained that at the time he built a concrete walk at his plumbing establishment, at the rear of yard, in Pike Alley, he did not know that he should first have received permission from Council. The records were made straight by Council going through the formality of extending him this privilege.

Council approved these selections by the firemen's association: John McSuley, chief marshal; Elmer Yerger, first assistant; Frances Miller, second assistant. Renewals were authorized for notes for \$1000, \$1500 and \$2000, maturing October 4th, the same being renewed for four months at 5%.

VICTORY FOR B. H. S.

Local Football Eleven Won from State College High School, 3-0.

The Bellefonte High School football eleven last Saturday got away with a 3-0 victory over the State College High School team in an interesting game at the old Hughes athletic field. The play was full of ginger from start to finish and the victory for the local team was well deserved. Incidentally it marked the first defeat by the Bellefonte boys over their State College rivals. Bellefonte scored in the first quarter, and after that the greater part of the game was played in the middle of the field. Toward the close the visitors weakened somewhat under the rushing of the locals and the latter probably would have scored again had the game lasted a few minutes longer. The local team this season is the strongest representing the Red and White for a number of years. The line-up in Saturday's game follows:

Bellefonte—Claire Deitrick, right end; H. Hartwick, right tackle; Witmer, right guard; McClellan, centre; Carl Deitrick, left guard; Smith, left tackle; L. Hartwick, quarterback and captain; Wallace, right half; Cook, left half; Yeager, full back.

State College—Pond, right end; Bullock, right tackle; Jackson, right guard; Edmiston, centre; Graham, left guard; Ishler, left tackle; Williams, left end; Shirk, quarter back; Dale, right half; Krumrine, full back and captain; Lytle, left half.

The visitors put up a strong game and a return match will no doubt attract a large attendance.

Fleming Couple Married.

A pretty wedding was solemnized yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the home of David Barlett, on Thomas Street, the contracting parties being Miss Mida Brower and Chapman E. Underwood, both of Fleming. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. W. Winey, recently pastor of the Bellefonte United Brethren church, but who came here from Johnstown especially for the wedding. The bride is a splendid young lady and is well qualified to preside over a home. She has a host of friends who wish her much happiness. The groom is a popular young man, held in high regard by those who know him for his honesty, industry and integrity.

Bridge Being Painted.

John Foresman, of Howard, was recently engaged by the Centre County Board of Commissioners to paint the Centre County half of the bridge spanning the Beech Creek, at Beech Creek. The Clinton County half of the structure was painted last spring.

Installing I. O. O. F. Officers.

William H. Austin, of Blanchard, Deputy Grand Master of Odd Fellows of Centre County, recently visited Port Matilda, Stormstown and other places in that section of the county installing newly elected officers of local lodges.

ELOPED TO CUMBERLAND WITH EMPTY SUIT CASE

Jimmy Caldwell Fooled His Friends Sunday Evening.

MISS OSMER HIS BRIDE

Cupid Planned Get-away Sunday Afternoon But Aunt of Bride-to-be Happened to Pick Same Train—Max Gamble's Auto Stole The Day.

With Max Gamble at the wheel and Dan Cupid pointing out the road, a big automobile shot up High Street Sunday night, stopped just long enough for a young man and a young lady to jump in, and a second later was tearing off space without regard for speed law on a record-breaking run to Altoona. Inside the car there was also a dress suit-case, but that is another story. At Altoona the young man and the young lady boarded the first train for Cumberland, Maryland, where they hunted up the nearest parson. On Monday the knot was tied and now their calling cards read: "Mr and Mrs. James Caldwell, Bellefonte, Pa."

Prior to the exciting dash to Cumberland the happy young bride was Miss Mary Osmer, the pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Osmer. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Caldwell and is a hustling, energetic young man employed at the Arcade Billiard Parlor.

No one other than Jimmy Caldwell could have pulled off an elopement such as paved the way to his marriage at Cumberland. The hurry-up automobile trip to Altoona was a card not on the original program, but that didn't bother Jimmy. Same in regard to the particular dress suit-case which was tumbled into the automobile just before the door shut with a bang and the car disappeared in the darkness toward Milesburg.

The elopement had been planned for Sunday afternoon, the 4.15 train for Tyrone having been carefully selected for the purpose. That was where Dan Cupid and Jimmy got the wires mixed or rather an aunt of the bride-to-be from Altoona unconsciously upset things. The aunt happened to come to town for a brief visit at the Osmer home and to the amazement of two other prospective passengers she announced that she would return home on the Sunday afternoon train. When this was made known to Jimmy he pushed his hands down into his trousers pockets, tossed his head to one side and remarked: "Well what do you think of that for hard luck." His attractive bride-to-be made no attempt to express herself, but her eyes were suspiciously moist, and noting this Jimmy encouraged her to cheer up.

It was but a short time until Jimmy had arranged with the Beezer garage to take him to Altoona in an automobile. At that stage of the proceedings expense was not to cut any figure, nor was the wedding to be delayed. If Dan Cupid did fall down on the afternoon train feature he more than made good on the automobile end, for who should happen along just at the right time but Max Gamble with a generous offer to haul Jimmy and Miss Osmer to Altoona and throw in the cost of the trip as a wedding gift.

About the time most persons were going to evening church services Jimmy and Miss Osmer met each other in High Street. Unable to leave home with a dress suit-case and not attract the suspicion of her parents, Miss Osmer bravely walked off without one. Jimmy also was minus baggage. However, Jimmy has friends and one of them helped out at the last minute with a dress suit-case.

When he and his bride started off in Max Gamble's car they had the dress suit-case with them, but it wasn't difficult to carry for there wasn't a blessed thing in it. They merely took it along for appearances until they might find a store open and purchase a few little necessities. However, nobody else knew the dress suit-case was empty and they didn't care. Jimmy remarked that anyhow he would rather start married life with an empty suit-case and wind up with a well filled one than to have the order reversed.

The fact that the happy young couple were under age made all the difference in the world at home, but down at Cumberland it was no bar to their marriage without the consent of their parents. The latter had no particular objection to a wedding, but they preferred that it be delayed until both parties might become of age. Now everybody is happy and satisfied. Jimmy and his bride have been forgiven all around, the latching is out for them at both the Osmer and Caldwell homes and Dan Cupid is hunting a new job.

HOLD-UP FOREIGNER GETS HEAVY SENTENCE

Theodore Korniasen Given 2 to 10 Yrs. at Hard Labor

IS NOW IN PRISON

Court Extended No Mercy to One of Trio Who Aided in Robbing and Beating John Roush—Crime Classed as Second Only to Murder.

Two and one-half to ten years at hard labor in the Western Penitentiary was the severe penalty handed out to Theodore Korniasen, or Mike Kappi, as he also called himself, for his part in holding up and robbing John Roush in the Millheim narrows on September 16th. Having been identified as also one of the trip which held up and robbed two women near Philipsburg on the day previous to the Millheim case ended any chance Korniasen had for leniency at the hands of the court. The sentence is indeterminate. It is up to Korniasen as to how much may be taken off for good behavior. He must serve two and one-half years at least, and he may never gain his freedom until the full ten years have expired.

Stolid, apparently unconcerned, still carrying out his bluff that he could not understand things said to him in the English language, Korniasen was taken on Monday to the penitentiary at Pittsburgh. A steel handcuff bound his right wrist to the left wrist of Sheriff Lee on the journey to serve his long term in prison. James Toner accompanied the Sheriff as an emergency guard. While waiting at the station here Korniasen never uttered a word. He gave the officers no trouble. His features completely masked his thoughts. It was quite apparent, however, that he had his ears open for everything said in his presence, although while in jail and in court he insisted on talking through an interpreter. A significant incident during his trial was that when questions were directed to the interpreter for Korniasen he several times started to reply before the questions could be repeated to him in Polish. Sheriff Lee stated that the prisoner fully understood English and that he was far more shrewd than he wanted others to suspect.

Korniasen was sentenced by Judge Orvis last Saturday morning. When directed to stand up he calmly faced Judge Orvis. The latter explained that in the eyes of the law the crime in question was second to that of murder. In view of the prisoner's complicity in two bold highway robberies Judge Orvis said that mercy could not be extended. He then imposed sentence. Korniasen listened intently but his face did not indicate that he understood a word spoken by Judge Orvis.

Philadelphia newspapers last Sunday published an account of the arrest at Washington, Pa., on Saturday of two foreigners implicated in highway robberies, and it may be that they are the accomplices of Korniasen in the hold-ups in this section. The names they gave to the police suggested that they were Poles. They were caught on a freight train. One of the pair was shot by an officer before he surrendered. An officer was also shot and is in a critical condition.

Wedding at Coleville.

A pretty wedding was solemnized last Wednesday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Robb, beyond Coleville, the contracting parties being Herbert McClellan, of Bellefonte, and Miss Anna Ross, of Salsburg, Huntingdon County. In the absence of Mrs. Robb, who was in Sandy Ridge in attendance upon her brother, Mr. Robb was master of ceremonies. Rev. Dr. E. H. Vocum officiated. Those present included Mr. Robb and two children, Mary and John; Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller and daughter Bessie; Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Shilling, David Dimlay, John Spiece, Dewey Grubb, John Kelley and Mrs. Milton Robb. The newly married couple were the recipients of numerous hand-some gifts.

Sentences Suspended.

Three young men from Philipsburg, recently arrested charged with stealing beer from a hotel in that place, were given their freedom by Judge Orvis last Saturday. Sentence was suspended when the young men promised to let liquor alone. A young man from Monaca, also charged with larceny, was set free. In his case sentence was also suspended pending his good behavior.

Merchant M. S. Betz, of Jacksonsville, was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

MRS. HENRY BECK DEAD

Former Resident of Bellefonte Passed Away at Wilkensburg.

Mrs. Anna C. Beck, widow of the late Henry Beck, died at her late home at Wilkensburg, Pa., on Saturday, October 4th. Her death was caused by bronchial pleuro-pneumonia. Her remains were brought to Bellefonte on Tuesday and taken direct from the train to the Union cemetery for interment. The services at the grave were conducted by Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt, pastor of the Reformed church, and were largely attended by old-time friends of the Beck family. The deceased will at once be recalled by older residents of Bellefonte and vicinity. Years ago the Becks resided on Valentine Street in Bellefonte, and at one time Henry Beck was a County Commissioner. He passed away probably fifteen years ago. Mrs. Beck was aged 75 years at the time of her death. She was born at Aaronsburg and was a daughter of Elias and Anna Leinbach. She was a woman who had a genial, sunny disposition that attracted friends to her and by all who came to know her she was greatly liked and admired. She was an active earnest member of the Lutheran church. Surviving to mourn her passing away are these sons: Liman, Joseph and Harry, of Wilkensburg, and Charles, of Philadelphia. Surviving also are two sisters: Mrs. John Beck, of Lock Haven, and Mrs. Jennie Magee, of Altoona.

Mrs. William E. Tate Dead.

Mrs. Jane Tate, wife of William E. Tate, died in the Bellefonte hospital on Monday evening at 7.45 o'clock. Her death resulted from heart failure following an operation for the removal of a tumorous growth and also for appendicitis on Wednesday of the preceding week. She had been in delicate health for several years, but not until Monday prior to the operation could she make up her mind to undergo the trying ordeal. The news of her passing away was received with sincere sorrow by many warm and admiring friends. Deceased was one of seven children of Gilbert and Elizabeth Archey. She was born at White Hall, October 22, 1837. In her early life she was a school teacher, being naturally fitted for that work and soon became well and favorably known in educational circles. She was a member of the Pine Grove Mills Presbyterian church from girlhood and for a number of years was a teacher in the Sunday school. On Thanksgiving day, in 1894, she was married to W. E. Tate and resided nearby town. Every man, woman and child knew Jennie Tate and to all she was a helpful friend. Her husband and Mrs. W. H. Martz and A. G. Archey, of Pine Grove Mills, mourn the death of a devoted wife and sister, one who was a devout christian woman, a kindly neighbor and friend. Burial was made from the Tate residence on Main Street, at Pine Grove Mills, today at 10 o'clock. Interment was made in the new cemetery at that place, her pastor, Rev. W. K. Harnish, officiating.

Margaret Gibson Dead.

Margaret the bright and sweet little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hinman Gibson, of Rutherford, New Jersey, and grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook, of Bellefonte, died at the home of her parents early yesterday morning. Word of her death was received here by friends of the family later in the day. The child's mother will at once be recalled as formerly Miss Blanche Cook, of this place. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook were at Wellesley, near Boston, when they were notified by a telegram of the death of their grand-daughter of whom they were especially fond. The body will be brought to Bellefonte tonight and interment will be made in the Union cemetery tomorrow or Saturday. The time for the funeral will be arranged following the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook in Bellefonte today.

Little Margaret Gibson was 6 years old this month. She spent the greater part of the summer here with her grandparents. She had never been quite strong, although her appearance was always that of a child enjoying robust health. Soon after her return to Rutherford she was taken ill, suffering a complete collapse and finally passing away at the time noted.

Mrs. William Beck Dead.

Mrs. William Beck, a well known resident of Warriors Mark valley, died suddenly at her home at the Mingle farm, four miles east of Tyrone, last Friday morning at 8.30 o'clock. She had been in the best of health up to the time she was stricken. Her death was due to neuralgia of the heart. Deceased was 47 years old and before her marriage she was Miss Jennie Borst. She is survived by her husband and six children.

Academy football eleven plays Greeshburg H. S. at Greensburg Saturday.

CONFESSED TO ARSON TO COVER UP THEFT

Millheim Girl Admitted Firing Montgomery Pa. House.

HAD DIAMOND RESET

Detectives Unravel Mystery of Girl Now Employed at State College—Confessed Guilt to Employer Who Will Not Prosecute.

The Williamsport "Sun" of last Thursday published the following despatch from Montgomery, a nearby town: Gertrude Ream, aged twenty-two, a domestic, whose home is in Millheim, has confessed to having made several attempts to set fire to the costly home of William Decker, proprietor of the Montgomery Table works, to cover robberies she had been committing. Evidence was secured against the girl by detectives who had been employed on the case by Mr. Decker and when confronted with the charges, the girl broke down and told her story. She is now employed in a restaurant at State College. Mr. Decker will not press the case against her.

The attempts to burn the Decker home provided the biggest series of sensations that Montgomery has known in years. Two efforts were made and the girl who was then employed in the home as a maid figured in both. She gave the alarm in one case while members of the family were seated at the table in the dining room. At that instance there was a fire in the laundry. Two clothes baskets, filled with garments were burned. On another occasion the girl said she had seen two men escape from the house at night. The attempts to set the fires were about two weeks apart and came during the first part of August. After the second occurrence, Mr. Decker employed several detectives who were at work for some time. The girl left the home shortly after the second fire.

About the time of the attempted fires it was discovered that a diamond had been removed from a brooch owned by a member of the family. The detectives found that the girl had had a diamond set in ring. Marked money was also used by the sleuths.

The detectives communicated their discoveries to Mr. Decker who last week made a trip to State College where he told the girl what he knew. She then confessed to him.

Interesting Services.

The "Rally Day" services in the Methodist Episcopal church last Sabbath were a success in every sense of the word, the Sabbath School, the morning preaching services, and the Children's exercises in the evening were all well attended, and of more than ordinary interest. The sermon by the Pastor in the morning was a master-piece, and was listened to with much interest by the large congregation. The exercises in the evening by the little ones were enjoyed by all. The next service of more than ordinary importance will be the Holy Communion on Sunday, October 19th, to which all are invited, and the following Sabbath, October 26th, we will have the great Evangelist, "Bob" Jones, of Montgomery, Alabama, with us for a campaign of revival work, to which all are invited. Let all come and join us in this great Evangelistic Campaign.

C. C. SHUEY, Chairman, Evangelistic Committee.

Another Church Rally.

Another one of those delightful as well as helpful Church Rallies will be held on next Sabbath, October 12th, as follows: At Pleasant Gap M. E. Church, at 10.30 A. M. Coleville M. E. Church, at 1.30 P. M. Weaver M. E. Church, at 3.30 P. M. Axe Man, at 7.30 P. M. Rev. C. C. Shuey and others of Bellefonte will be at each service, and address the meetings. Good music at each service will be a feature of special interest. Come every one and enjoy these services. No special offering will be taken.

D. J. FRUM, Minister.

For Postmaster at Benore.

A civil service examination for the position of fourth class postmaster at Benore (Scotia), will be held at Benore on Saturday, November 8th. The compensation for the postmaster at the Benore office for the last fiscal year was \$203. Applicants must be at least 21 years of age and must reside within the territory supplied by the Benore office. Application blanks may be had by applying to the postmaster at Benore or to the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Read "The Republican" \$1 a year.

TARIFF BILL NOW LAW

President Wilson Signs Measure Lowering Many Duties

Surrounded by the leaders of his party, President Wilson signed the Underwood-Simmons tariff bill at 9:30 o'clock last Friday night in the White House.

Simultaneously, telegrams were sent by the treasury department to customs collectors throughout the country putting into actual operation the first Democratic tariff revision since 1894.

A happy group of legislators, members of the cabinet and friends encircled the President as he affixed his signature with two gold pens. He presented to Representative Underwood the pen with which he had written the word "Woodrow" and the one which had completed his name he gave to Senator Simmons.

In the party about the President, besides the House and Senate tariff leaders, were the members of the House ways and means committee and the Senate finance committee. Speaker Clark, Vice President Marshall, Senate President Pro-tem Clarke, Senate Majority Leader Kern, members of the cabinet and Joseph R. Wilson, younger brother of the President.

The President delivered an extemporaneous speech after signing the bill, in which he declared the journey of legislative accomplishment had only been partly completed; that a great service had been done for the rank and file of the country, but that the second step in the emancipation of business was currency reform. He earnestly called on his colleagues to go "the rest of the journey" with fresh impulse.

"Gentlemen, I feel a peculiar pleasure," said the President, "in what I have just done by way of taking part in the completion of a great piece of business. It is a pleasure which is hard to express in adequate words; the feeling I have is that we have done the rank and file of the people of this country a great service. It is hard to speak of these things without seeming to go off into campaign eloquence, but that is not my feeling. It is a feeling of profound gratitude that, working with the splendid men who have carried this thing through, I should have had part in serving the people of this country, as we have been striving to serve them ever since I can remember."

"I have had the accomplishment of something like this at heart ever since I was a boy, and I know men standing around me who can say the same thing—who have been waiting to see the things done which it was necessary to do in order that there might be justice in the United States. And so it is a solemn moment that brings such a business to a conclusion, and I hope I will not be thought of as demanding too much of myself or of my colleagues when I say that this, great as it is, is the accomplishment of only half the journey."

"We have set the business of this country free from those conditions which have made monopoly not only possible, but in a sense, easy and natural. But there is no use taking away the conditions of monopoly if we do not take away also the power to create monopoly; and that is a financial, rather, than a merely circumstantial and economic power."

"The power to control and guide and direct the credits of the country is the power to say who shall and who shall not build on the industries of the country in which direction they shall be built, and in which direction they shall not be built."

"We are about to take the second step, which will be the final step in setting the business of this country free. That is what we shall do in the currency bill, which the House already has passed, and which I have the utmost confidence the Senate will pass much sooner than some pessimistic individuals believe. Because the question, now that this piece of work is done, will arise all over the country, 'For what do we wait? Why should we wait to crown ourselves with consummate honor? Are we so self-denying that we do not wish to complete our success?'"

"I was quoting the other day to some of my colleagues in the Senate those lines from Shakespeare's Henry V, which have always appealed to me. 'If it be a sin to covet honor, then I am the most offending soul alive,' and I am happy to say I do not covet it for myself alone. I covet this honor for the men who are associated with myself, and I covet it for the great party of which I am a member; because that party is not honorable unless it redeems its name and saves the people of the United States."

"So I feel like a man who is lodging happily in the inn which lies half way along the journey and that in the morning, with a fresh impulse, we shall go the rest of the journey and sleep at the journey's end like men with a quiet conscience, knowing that he has served our fellow men and have thereby tried to serve God."

Before signing the bill the President had explained the choice of 9 o'clock for completion of the tariff revision program.

"I chose 9 o'clock," he said, "on the advice of the attorney general, that the bill might be signed after business transaction everywhere, including San Francisco, had closed for the day. I will not say anything about the bill until I have signed it. I don't want it to get away from me," he added, smiling.

Promptly at 9:09 o'clock President

began writing and at 9:10 he had written the words, "Approved; 9:10 p. m., 3 October, 1913, Woodrow Wilson," on the new hundred and eleventh page of parchment.

The President handed the two pens to the men who had steered the measure successfully through both houses of Congress.

COMFORTING WORDS

Many a Bellefonte Household Will Find Them So.

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed, to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders, is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. The following advice of one who has suffered will prove comforting words to hundreds of Bellefonte readers.

Mrs. J. F. Thal, 23 W. Thomas St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I am very grateful to Doan's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me. My back ached for a long time and I had severe pains in my kidneys, headaches and attacks of dizziness. The kidney secretions caused me no end of annoyance. When my attention was called to Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a supply at Green's Pharmacy Co. and it did not take them long to give me relief. I cheerfully recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone having kidney complaint. I still have unlimited confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills for whenever I have used them in the past two years, they have benefited me. You may continue to publish my former endorsement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Odd Political Mix-up.

Drawing of lots to decide tie votes returned for members of state committees held at the office of the secretary of the Commonwealth has resulted in some odd situations.

Three of the men in whose behalf winning draws were made happen to be members of state committees of different parties to which they have been elected by the new formality. This fact puts up to the state committees the question of their membership.

None of the interested parties appeared and spectators were designated by Deputy Secretary W. M. Hertzler to draw lots in their behalf. From a field of 10 persons, each of whom had one vote for Democratic state committee in Sullivan county, Thomas E. Kennedy was declared the winner.

David Neale, Democratic state committee man from Jefferson county, won in drawing the tie from Socialist state committee man from his county; W. O. Fuellhart, Republican state committee man from Forest, won the Washington party committee seat, and L. F. Keating, Democratic committee man from Forest, the Prohibition state committee man place from his county. Others who were successful in drawing were John Lerch, Socialist, Northampton; Albert H. Marks, Prohibition, Wayne, and James Alcorn, Socialist, Centre.

State Lands as Play Grounds.

The State Forestry Commission has thrown open the 990,000 acres of State forest reserves of the State to the children of the State for playgrounds and has passed resolutions providing that all forestry service officers afford all reasonable facilities to children of their neighborhoods to enjoy the woods.

This action was taken at the meeting held last Friday in Harrisburg by the commission and is in line with the policy of allowing use of the forests for outing and recreation grounds as well as for camping purposes under State regulations. In addition to announcing the opening of the lands for recreation the commission has extended an invitation for the children to use the land "for all proper purposes, particularly for mineral and plant study, the collecting of wild flowers, the study of bird and animal life, the gathering of chestnuts and other wild nuts and fruits and the enjoyment of such pleasures as are incident to the life of a child."

Just One of Kelly's Tricks

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 3.—A policeman on a Niagara street beat was startled today when a rough box lying on the sidewalk, in front of an undertaking establishment, slowly turned over. When he drew near to solve the mystery it again turned over.

Chief of Police Regan joined the patrolman. He ordered a man from the undertaking rooms to unscrew the lid. Inside they found a sailor who gave his name as John Deleth of Milwaukee. Deleth said he had been out on a lark with a fellow sailor named Kelly.

"Says Kelly to me," Deleth told the chief, "the first guy to the dead box can sleep there. I slept all right but when I woke up I couldn't get out. Kelly's been up to his tricks again." Deleth was locked up.

Learn Something to your advantage.

Write for our booklet entitled "What would you like to know." It explains our methods of supplying confidential information. Mailed on request, No Charge. THE WORLD INFORMATION ASSOCIATION, 1152 Bowling Green Building, New York

BAPTISTS IN SESSION

Held Interesting Session Last Week at Blanchard.

The meeting of the Centre association of Baptist churches at Blanchard was held last Thursday. Rev. Mr. Grinnell was appointed moderator pro tem, and he opened the meeting with prayer. The report of the committee on program was read by Rev. S. S. Clark, pastor of the Liberty church. He made a splendid and practical address of welcome to the association. The following new pastors were introduced and welcomed: Rev. J. Both, Emmanuel, Johnstown; Rev. A. J. Bowser, Logan Valley, Bellwood; Rev. D. K. Dike, Salt Hill; Rev. Mr. Smith, Ebensburg; Rev. R. N. Toms, Memorial, Altoona; Rev. T. E. Board, Colport, Bellwood.

The following are the officers for the year: Moderator, Thos. H. Snickling, Hollidaysburg; clerk, Rev. S. F. Forgeus, Huntingdon; assistant clerk, Rev. H. K. Bower, Philipsburg; treasurer, S. S. Mills, Port Matilda.

Rev. J. L. Schaeppeler of Hollidaysburg, gave a very useful talk on the county church and problems. Rev. H. K. Bower, of Philipsburg, on "The Problems of the Town Church" was particularly interesting. The associational sermon was preached by Rev. C. W. Sheriff of Huntingdon, on the subject "Giving."

The thirty-third anniversary of the Woman's Missionary society of Centre Baptist association held Tuesday was largely attended and was very inspiring.

Rev. Clayton Grinnell, of Altoona, and Rev. H. K. Bower were very helpful in the devotional exercises. Mrs. Paul Kreuzpointner, of Altoona, made an excellent presiding officer.

Mrs. A. J. Bowser, of Bellwood, also took a prominent part in the meeting. Miss Laura Baldrige, of Hollidaysburg gave a fine review of the work of the society during the past year and her report as treasurer was full and showed that considerable sums had been raised by the various societies during the year and that there was cause for much encouragement.

Miss Dysart, of Tyrone, gave some excellent advice on how to run the meetings of a missionary circle. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Paul Kreuzpointner, Altoona; vice presidents, the wives of the pastors of the churches with Mrs. A. J. Bowser, of Bellwood, as vice president at large; corresponding secretary Miss Lulu Thomas, of Philipsburg; recording secretary, Mrs. H. B. Reed, of Hollidaysburg; treasurer, Miss Laura Baldrige, of Hollidaysburg.

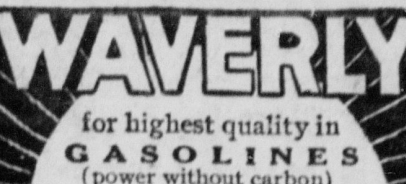
The choir of Liberty church rendered excellent music. The afternoon session was closed with the benediction by Rev. Mr. Bower.

The church was crowded at night. The president again took the chair. Miss Tencate, who has been a missionary in India for fifteen years, gave an excellent address on the obstacles and needs of India and her description of the religions of India, thrilled the large audience. It was well worthy of being published in full.

Miss Harriet Cooper, of Chicago completely won the sympathy of her hearers as she gave instances of noble self-sacrificing work done in our own America and of the pious calls for the gospel from all parts of this great land.

The choir of the Liberty church again rendered some excellent music, one duet and a male quartet deserving special mention. The meetings of the Woman's society was closed by the benediction offered by Rev. R. N. Toms, of Altoona.

"I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulets relieved and strengthened the bowels, so that they have been regular ever since."—A. E. Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.



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GASOLINES
(power without carbon)
Family Favorite Oil
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EXPLAINS ROAD SITUATION

State Highway Commissioner Bigelow Issues Statement.

State Highway Commissioner E. M. Bigelow has issued a statement to answer to the charge of Auditor General A. W. Powell, that the department had plenty of money available and need not have stopped repair and maintenance work on state roads. Powell accused Bigelow of holding up work so as to impress voters with the need of the \$50,000,000 bond issue. He said the department had available, in round figures, \$3,900,000.

Commissioner Bigelow replies that all the money referred to by the auditor general except \$379,382.11 was specifically appropriated by the Legislature for other purposes than maintenance and cannot be diverted from the uses designated. He says the automobile license money which Powell is holding up was intended by the Legislature to take care of maintenance.

In this connection a mandamus suit was entered in the Dauphin county court by the attorney general to test the right of the auditor general to withhold the automobile license money from the highway department.

The suit required the auditor general to show cause why he should not honor a requisition by the highway commissioner for \$25,000 from the automobile license income. The auditor general waived service of the papers and will file an answer by October 13.

Commissioner Bigelow's statement was in part as follows:

"All money appropriated to the highway department is specifically appropriated, except \$379,382.11. The last Legislature passed an act appropriating to this department all of the income from automobile licenses, which the Governor in making his cuts in the appropriation bill took into consideration. This money from automobile licenses would give us for maintenance for 1913-15 the sum of \$1,870,000, sufficient to do the work."

"The state has 3,000 miles of roads to keep in repair, and the Legislature gave me the money to do the work, but unfortunately it had not the money to give, and a cut had to be made. I had nothing to do with the appropriating of the money for maintenance, construction or toll-road condemnation. The Legislature determined that. The public must also understand that it was the intention in the main highway act to construct roads out of the proceeds of the \$50,000,000 when it passed."

"Last year we repaired 6,500 miles of state highways and, from what I have received in the way of voluntary statements, the roads were never in better shape. This year, we started to repair the whole 9,000 miles, but the money did not last. If we get the automobile license money we will have ample funds to keep the main highways in repair."

"Regarding contracts we are responsible for contracts for 368.11 miles of road. Of this number 277.4 miles have been completed since I became commissioner, and 90.70 miles were pending at the end of the official year on June 1. Twenty-six miles were completed under contracts let by my predecessor. Since June 1 we have let contracts for over 200,000 feet of highway."

Keshiono's Garden

"It Must Be Fate."

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The curio seller who sits at the crossing of the Two Roads in Tokyo grinned amiably up into Terry Preston's sunburned face.

"If the honorable lord desires to see delightful flowers it would be much recommended that he pay call visit upon the garden of Keshiono."

"Where is this wonderful garden?" inquired Terry, to whom all parts of Tokyo were alike, to whom all the world was flat and stale and uninteresting now that Dulcie Morse had jilted him and married Oscar Converse.

The man pointed along the upper road.

"If the honorable lord will follow that road until he comes to a red gate in the bamboo hedge he will find beyond the gate a path that will lead him straight to the garden. Many have found happiness there," he added, with a sly glance at Terry's moody face.

"Happiness?" jeered Terry. "Pray, tell me how happiness may be found in a garden."

"Happiness," mused the curio dealer, fanning himself gently, "consists in being with those we love—in the case of a lover, with the particular beloved one. The story goes that many centuries ago a beautiful maiden named Keshiono lost her lover through a quarrel, and to console herself she made this beautiful flower garden. The gods pitied her and sent her lover wandering into the garden, and when he saw Keshiono flitting among the iris beds he fell on his knees and begged forgiveness. They were married and lived long and happily in a house which has long crumbled to ruin. When they died they were changed into two beautiful plum trees that guard the inner gate. Ever since then the garden has been noted for bringing happiness to disconsolate lovers. One has only to wander there."

Terry grinned in spite of himself at the man's fluency. "You have told the story many times?" he questioned as he moved away.

"And have witnessed the desired to be end," came back the answer promptly, and he deftly caught the coin that came spinning toward him from Terry's hand.

A laughing red haired youth came swiftly from the upper road and passed by the curio seller's booth.

"You're a cheerful liar!" he declared. "The garden is only for the disconsolate lover," chided the curio dealer sedately as he pocketed his accuser's liberal tip. "The honorable lord is too insanely cheerful to be in need of the pity of the gods."

"Thanks, I suppose that's a compliment," grinned the other as he went on to catch a trolley car. "But you get us coming or going, eh, Togo?"

"Excuse. Name is not Togo, but is Yumisho. Good day, honorable sir. Get them coming or going. That sounds funny English," he mused.

Terry Preston sauntered along the upper road under the arching trees. The shaded footpath rambled beside a high hedge of bamboos, whose green feathery tops rustled pleasantly in the light breeze.

A well defined path wandered idly between green hedges until he reached a second gate that swung wide open. On either side of this gate was a beautiful plum tree, fresh in its May bloom of pink and white. These trees represented the beautiful Keshiono and her loving husband.

Terry involuntarily removed his straw hat as he passed under the trees, and he blushed a little at the surrender to sentiment that the little act implied.

"Bosh!" he muttered. Beyond the gate he found the garden, a charming mixture of old and new. There were ancient corners where dark cryptomerias made a dim green shade. Here one came upon stone lanterns green with years and perhaps a summer house crushed in the deathlike grip of a giant wisteria vine that might be a century old, so hoary was its trunk.

Birds sang in the trees, and the waterfalls tinkled musically. It was very beautiful and deliciously still.

Terry found an old stone seat half hidden in a group of lovely oleanders in the older part of the garden. Surely this spot must have been the garden of Keshiono as it was in the old days.

Women's voices broke the quiet.

"Dear Aunt Ophelia," said the girl's sweet tones, "is it not perfectly wonderful?"

"It is. It is hardly to be believed, May," responded the older woman eagerly. "But look; see if that is not the colonel yonder! See, he is looking at the goldfish in the pool! Mark the sad droop to his shoulders in spite of his military training. Ah, but I do regret my cruelty to him!" she sighed.

Terry got up. He was feeling very uncomfortable now, but before he could make his presence known the girl had spoken quickly, decisively:

"Now, Aunt Ophelia, you know this is the garden of reunited lovers, and who knows what may happen? You look sweet, dear; indeed, you do! Now

just wait along this path and you are sure to meet the colonel, and you have my blessing. He's a perfect dear!"

She laughed as her aunt moved majestically away in the direction of the stream, while the gentleman gazed after her in a distant part of the grounds.

The girl came laughing out of the sunlight and flung herself in a corner of the stone seat, which sat in deep shadow.

"I uttered a startled cry as she saw Terry Preston standing there, sunburned and embarrassed, in his gray tweed clothes, with his straw hat in his hand."

"Ah, I didn't know any one was here," she cried breathlessly.

"I was about to go," murmured Terry, with a reluctant glance at the stone seat.

"Pray do not let me drive you away. I shall go on presently." The girl settled herself in the corner, tipped her sunshade over her face to obscure it and opened a guidebook.

Terry hesitated a moment and then sat down, his cigarette still between his fingers. He glanced at the girl and saw only the white dress with the red book held open by pretty white fingers.

He noted that she wore on her right hand a turquoise ring, and on her left, as she turned the pages, he saw a small ring on her little finger.

The rest of her charming person was quite concealed by the white linen parasol.

Presently there came a sneeze from under the parasol.

"I beg your pardon; I hope my smoking has not annoyed you. Really I forgot to ask you if you minded," apologized the discomfited Terry.

The parasol went over her shoulders, and he looked into a pair of beautiful gray eyes, black lashed and drooping at the outer corners. Such a rose tinted skin, such a dainty nose, such a kissable mouth with dimpled corners, such a firm white chin, such a seashell ears peeping out from the midst of black hair!

Truly she was marvelously beautiful. She didn't look as though she would throw a fellow over because she had found a richer man. She lacked that little hard look in the eyes that marked Dulcie Morse's perfect beauty, and somehow she had Dulcie "beat a mile," in Terry's self expressed opinion.

Treason, pure treason, all this.

"I don't object to the smoke at all," said the girl pleasantly, then craning her pretty neck as she looked toward the spot where her aunt had disappeared.

"I wonder—she was beginning when Terry interrupted her."

"They are coming now," he said—"your aunt and the colonel."

"Together?" she asked excitedly.

"Yes," and Terry craned his neck, eager to report to his fair companion any items of interest.

"Do they appear to be engaged?"—she was beginning when again he broke in:

"Why, yes, you might think so. He's got his arm around her."

"His arm around Ophelia?" The girl arose and laughed tenderly. "You have surprised me, sir. I was going to ask if they were engaged in amicable conversation, but from what you say I am sure they must be! Perhaps I better explain that my aunt had a very unhappy love affair in her youth, and it just happened that we were directed to this garden of Keshiono. You have heard the story of how many lovers have found happiness here?" She looked at him with clear, beautiful eyes, in which there was no trace of coquetry.

"I have been told that story," said Terry, blushing deeply.

"If ever I was in trouble of that sort I should come here," observed the girl dreamily. Terry saw her eyes were fixed on the approaching couple, the handsome military man and the blooming middle aged woman, and he felt a swift pang of jealousy, the first dart of the little god.

"I hope you may never have to come," he said awkwardly. And then he added as the reunited lovers were almost upon them, "I hope you don't mind if I stay and congratulate them, for, you see, Colonel Preston is my uncle, and we are traveling together, and some day he may be cousin-in-law! I am Terry Preston."

The girl gave her hand, and at that instant the colonel and Aunt Ophelia came upon them, and both started with surprise.

"Terry, you're here!" cried the colonel, slapping his nephew on one broad shoulder.

"May—why, my dear, you don't mean to say—why, I didn't know there was anybody!" faltered Aunt Ophelia, her sweet eyes still dim with stirring of old emotions.

May blushed beautifully, and Terry went scarlet, but their eyes had met in one swift flash of mutual understanding, and each one knew that the garden of Keshiono had worked a magic spell upon them both that must never be broken.

So the curio dealer at the crossing of the Two Roads was not surprised when four people passed him, coming from the garden of Keshiono. There was an elderly couple with shining, happy eyes, and the man tossed him a wad of paper money.

There was a young couple, the man smiling tenderly down at the girl, whose eyes were half veiled to hide the awakening of love in their beautiful depths. Terry flung him a golden coin, and they all passed out of sight.

The curio dealer smiled contentedly and folded his slim, brown hands over the money.

"I get them coming, and I get them going, and they come back happy! There must be something in that garden, after all!"



"I Won't Go Out, I'll Telephone"

All the busy housewife needs is her shopping list and her Bell Telephone.

She calls the butcher, the grocer, the market, and takes care of her personal needs too. She makes an appointment with the dentist and asks "hubby" to remember the concert tickets. And what a lot of time she has to herself!

Order a Bell Telephone for your home to-day.

"Practice the Telephone Smile."

The Bell Telephone Co. of Pa.
W. S. Mallalieu, Local Mgr.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

What They Heard

The Result of Idle Curiosity

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The Pendletons' telephone bell jingled sharply, and along the rural line five receivers were stealthily lifted to as many curious ears.

"That you, Bonnie?" came Jack Pendleton's voice.

"Yes," responded Mrs. Pendleton.

"I'm bringing a friend home to dinner. Will it be all right, dear?"

"Ye-es." Mrs. Pendleton's voice did sound doubtful. "There isn't a thing to eat in the house, but I can't—"

"Never mind, then. We'll dine in town and come down afterward," said Jack in a disappointed tone.

"If you don't bring him home," protested Bonnie, "I'll never speak to you again, Jack Pendleton, and—"

"Hang up along the line there," belated Jack, with sudden intuition that his performance was interesting his rural neighbors.

So five receivers were noiselessly restored to their hooks, and five good housekeepers, pink of face, but with excited eyes, went back to their prosaic duties.

The Pendletons concluded their conversation, and pretty Bonnie explained to her adoring husband that she had not planned anything to eat that day because, if he would only remember, he had invited her to dine in town with him and go to the theater afterward, and absconded Jack proudly acknowledged his guilt.

They were newcomers in Dayville and fresh from the big city, where one's neighbors' business is not of the slightest interest, and they were somewhat bewildered by the almost avid curiosity displayed by their new acquaintances in the little village.

So Bonnie worked busily all day long preparing an appetizing repast for her husband and his business friend, while the five housekeepers dismissed their tasks with deft hands and dressed for the Wednesday afternoon sewing society with a pleasant sense of importance in being the center of interest, for in Dayville the bearer of "news" invariably holds the middle of the stage.

By 3 o'clock the society meeting was in full swing, and the Pendletons' affairs were made the subject of discussion.

"I hear they make a terrible mess of getting along," said Mrs. Henry Beebe. "Don't get along, eh?" wheezed Mrs. Bush skeptically.

"I don't wonder, her being the housekeeper she is," said Mrs. Charlie Sayles.

"And him such a poor provider. I expect he don't earn enough to keep soul and body together," was Ellen Spencer's significant remark.

"They're both pretty husky looking," put in Mrs. Bush.

But she was ignored by the news bringers.

"I've heard that he treats her dreadfully," simpered Miss Fanny Wicks, who had ideas of her own regarding the perfect married life.

"I heard they were going to separate," said Mittie Loomis.

After that tongues clacked more busily than the needles flashed.

The Pendletons would have been quite stunned with surprise if they had known how intimately their affairs were known and discussed by their neighbors.

"Talks to her like a dog," asserted Fanny Wicks.

"If his bed ain't made before he takes the train or if his dinner is a mite late," added Mrs. Charlie Sayles, with relish. "And, being the poor housekeeper she is, I guess it keeps him dinging at her all the time."

"No woman will stand that for long," said Mrs. Henry Beebe, who ruled her little husband with an iron hand minus the velvet glove.

"Just think of there being days when they don't have a bite to eat!" put in Ellen Spencer. "I wonder if it would be an insult to give 'em a donation."

"If they're going to separate they won't thank anybody for giving 'em a party," remarked Mittie Loomis.

"That's so. But I wonder what we can do. I don't like to feel that there's anybody in our midst that's suffering for food when I have a plenty," twittered Fanny.

"No more do I," said Mrs. Charlie Sayles throatily. "I've got some canned fruit that's not going to keep. Land knows what got into it! I could leave it there unbeknownst to her."

"She might guess who 'twas that never had no luck with canned stuff," whispered Ellen Spencer to Mittie Loomis.

Old Mrs. Bush had said "Fiddlesticks" three times and "Bosh!" twice, but no one took the slightest notice of her. Presently she folded up her work, popped it into her black sateen work bag and got up to go.

"Why, Aunt Louisa, you ain't never coming now? Why, we're going to have refreshments," protested Mittie Loomis.

"I can't stay," said Mrs. Bush acidly. "I've got things to do that have to be done, and she marched off with an air of deeply offended dignity, and the half frightened pleading of the minister's meek little wife was of no avail."

"I wonder what she'll do when she

gets a divorce," shuddered Fanny Wicks, with a sentimental sigh over the grave of dead romance.

"Marry again most likely."

"Why, Mrs. Sayles, you don't mean to say she's got her eye on anybody?"

"There was that tall, dark man that came by stage one morning when her husband was away. She kissed him, I saw her."

"It was her brother," explained the minister's wife.

"Mrs. Wright, how do you know?"

"She told me so."

"Oh, she told you so?"

"And I expect he leads a gay life in the city. Them brokers are here, there and nowhere all the time. Of course I mean Mr. Pendleton, not the other man."

"The other man. How dreadfully romantic!" sighed Fanny Wicks.

"I think we better have some refreshments now," said Mrs. Wright nervously, and for once in her colorless life she used rare diplomacy in selecting her helpers.

With Mittie Loomis, Fanny Wicks, Mrs. Beebe, Mrs. Sayles and Ellen Spencer all cutting cake and passing lemonade and plates, there was little chance for these informers to add to the stream of gossip they had started.

Indeed, the stream flowed briskly along and was threatening to become a flood of scandal when the side door opened and Mrs. Bush trotted briskly in and sat down in her empty chair.

Her little black eyes sparkled maliciously, and she fanned herself with a black mittened hand as she talked.

"Thought I'd get here in time for a bite to eat. Mittie, is that poundcake? Well, just give me the end piece; I like it best. And, yes, I'll take tea, Mrs. Wright. Let the young folks have lemonade."

Her middle aged companions unconsciously bridled at being classed among the younger generation, and so a feeling of good fellowship was established when Mrs. Bush dropped a bombshell in their midst.

"I saw Mrs. Pendleton at her front gate, and I told her what you all was saying about her," observed Mrs. Bush coolly.

There was a moment of breathless horror, and five pairs of eyes started with guilty fear. Mittie Loomis found her tongue first.

"Aunt Louisa, you never did!"

"I did. I wanted to find out if there was a word of truth in the hull thing or whether folks had been listening on the telephone again."

There were five feeble protests, and five pink faces were the cynosure of all eyes.

Mrs. Bush went on mercilessly:

"I told her, and she says, 'Mrs. Bush, I do believe those good gossips have been listening along the telephone line.' And then she up and told me all about it, and all I got to say is I don't see how any sensible, God-fearing woman can deliberately misconstrue somebody else's innocent conversation and twist it into news that sets every body by the ears. I know some things I ain't never told. I met Mrs. Pendleton's brother, and he showed me a picture of his wife and children; had it in his vest pocket. They're all coming up to spend two weeks pretty soon. So where's your romance about the other man, Fanny Wicks? Fiddledee!"

The silence was profound, while Mrs. Bush told the members of the sewing society all about Mrs. Pendleton's busy day preparing for the unexpected guest. She also related how she herself had poked an inquisitive nose into the Pendleton pantry and had seen a goodly store of eatables there, and she translated Mrs. Pendleton's remark to her husband as being the exaggeration of a good housekeeper when she expects company—nothing in the house to eat.

Then Mrs. Bush told another secret. Mrs. Pendleton had given her permission to tell them, and it was the sort of secret that all women are interested in. It brings tender smiles to their lips and a warm maternal light to the eyes, even to the eyes of such spinsters as Mittie Loomis and Fannie Wicks.

"You can all make it up to Mrs. Pendleton by fixing something for the little new baby that's expected," said Mrs. Bush, her sharp voice softening wonderfully under the influence of this magical topic. "Now, what can you do, Mittie?"

"A knitted carriage robe, blue and white," said Mittie eagerly. "It'll be a lot of work, but I don't mind."

"I shall crochet three pairs of little shoes," said Ellen Spencer. "I know a pretty new pattern."

"And you, Fanny Wicks?" asked Mrs. Bush sharply, for Fanny liked to write poetry in her spare moments and was not fond of work in any form.

"Bibs," said Fanny dreamily, "six little embroidered bibs. I saw some patterns in the fashion sheet this month. They were so cute I was wishing I knew some little one to make them for."

"I shall embroider a pillowslip," said Mrs. Charlie Sayles briskly, and one could almost see the beautifully worked pattern that would result from her labors.

"I will make a cap," said Mrs. Beebe, her mind busy with the details of this interesting needlework.

"Then, when everything's done, I guess we might have a kind of little party for Mrs. Pendleton and give 'em to her. I expect she will like that kind of a donation," said old Mrs. Bush, and she had forgotten to be snappish, and her black eyes beamed youthfully.

Well, it is a fact that now, when the Pendletons' telephone bell rings, all the receivers on that line remain on their respective hooks, but the five subscribers always look a bit anxious and say:

"I hope nothing is the matter with that blessed baby!"

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, IN THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.
A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to article nine, section four, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, authorizing the State to issue bonds to the amount of \$10,000,000 of dollars for the improvement of the highways of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the nineteenth article thereof:

That section four of article nine, which reads as follows:

"Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiency in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars," be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiency in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars: Provided, however, That the General Assembly, by a majority vote, may authorize the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and rebuilding the highways of the Commonwealth.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.

Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section seven, article three, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to permit special legislation regarding labor.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the nineteenth article thereof:

Amendment to Article Three, Section Seven.

Section 2. Amend section seven, article three, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension, or impairing of debts."

"Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts."

"Changing the names of persons or places."

"Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases."

"Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys."

"Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferries or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State."

"Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys."

"Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State."

"Authorizing the adoption or legitimization of children."

"Locating or changing county-seats, creating new counties, or changing county lines."

"Incorporating cities, towns, or villages, or changing their charters."

"For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting."

"Granting divorces."

"Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits, or school districts."

"Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts."

"Changing the law of descent or succession."

"Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate."

"Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables."

"Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes."

"Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment."

"Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury."

"Exempting property from taxation."

"Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing."

"Creating corporations, or amending, repealing or extending the charters thereof."

"Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association or individual the right to lay down a railroad track."

"Nor shall any law be passed granting powers or privileges to any person or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment."

"Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferries or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State."

lag new counties or changing county lines; incorporating cities, towns or villages, by changing their charters."

For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting."

Granting divorces."

Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits, or school districts."

Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts."

Changing the law of descent or succession."

Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate."

Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables."

Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes."

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THE REPUBLICAN.

Belleville, Pa., October 9, 1913

CHARLES F. NORWORTH, Ed. & Pub.

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REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

For Jury Commissioner,
John D. Decker, of Potter Twp.
For Coroner,
Dr. S. M. Huff, of Milesburg Boro.

Cheaper diamonds are promised under the new Wilson tariff law. Now that's comforting.

The Democratic promise is that the new tariff law will slice the cost of living in two and at the same time boost wages. Just watch the slicing and also the boosting.

Congressman Underwood, the man who steered the new tariff measure through the House, now says that the people should not expect too much before the end of a few years, at least. By that time something else may turn up to blame it on.

"Let reason prevail" and "harmony reign", counsel the uptown and downtown rival Democratic sheets. This may come to pass some day, but not likely inside the next four years unless the "reason" in a moment of absent-mindedness should resign that \$5,000 job as Surveyor of the Port.

The Democratic slogan is to cut down the price of everything by bringing in foreign-made goods. The Republican slogan is to keep American workmen employed and thereby enable them to buy what they want. No use in making coffee a nickel a pound if a fellow doesn't have and can't earn the nickel with which to buy it.

THE TEST NOW ON.

On the day following the approval by President Wilson of the new tariff reduction measure over \$70,000,000 worth of goods of all kinds shipped here from foreign lands and held in bond until the new law became effective, were dumped into the United States. Every day since has witnessed the receipt into the United States of great quantities of foreign-made goods. Importations on an increased scale may be looked for right along.

The test of the reduced tariff plan of President Wilson is now fairly under way. Before the new law went into effect such prosperity as existed must be attributed to the Republican system. All fair-minded men will concede this much. If under the Wilson law we have increased wages and lower prices for living all fair-minded men must concede that to the Democratic system belongs the credit. The four years to come will determine matters. Facts, not promises, will tell the tale.

If foreign-made goods to the value of hundreds of millions of dollars can be shipped into the United States and sold here without injury to home manufacturers and home workmen everybody wants to know it. The Democratic argument is that this can be done. The Republican contention is that it cannot be done. History has demonstrated that free trade and low wages for American workmen go hand in hand. Is or is not history about to repeat itself? We hope not, but frankly we fear that it is.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation—Advt.

Belleville Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.
Eggs, per dozen, .32
Butter, per pound, .22

Belleville Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.
Wheat, white or mixed, .50
Wheat, red, .48
Corn, yellow (per bu.), .35
Corn, white (per bu.), .35
Oats, (per bu.), .25
Rye, (per bu.), .40
Barley, (per bu.), .55
Buckwheat, (per bu.), .50

IN SPITE OF MAGIC

A Story For All-hallow Eve

BY LILLIAN WENTZ

Young Cornelius Babcock settled his necktie and thrust in its crimson folds the mock turquoise scarfpin he had bought at Lery's on his way home from work that night. Then he stood away and admired the snowy whiteness of the rubber collar that looked exactly like linen and saved many a laundry bill by its deceptive guise; he stroked the glossy smoothness of his olive green striped suit; he stuck out a neat foot attired in a pale blue sock and shiny patent leather pumps and smiled with satisfaction. It would be a critical maiden, indeed, who would not look with favor upon Mr. Babcock in this festive array, for he had health and youth and a measure of good looks. He was going to a party, and he was in love. It showed in his face and in his eyes.

Suddenly he reached into an obscure corner of the bureau drawer and drew forth a tiny box. From this box there issued a small gold ring, set with a cheap red stone. Cornelius gazed on it with quickened breath. He had planned to wear it on his little finger that night. She would ask him about it, and he would ask her to wear it if she wanted to. It all seemed so simple as he had planned it, and now he scarcely dared place it on his hand. Suddenly it found place on his finger, and the stone flashed as he lifted a hand and turned out the gas.

As he strode through the dining room, where the elder Cornelius sat reading the evening paper, his mother's voice halted his steps.

"Where you going, Corny? My, but you're dressed up!" She beamed at him over her spectacles.

His father lifted a shaggy gray head and surveyed his son with apparent scorn. "What you rigged like a nigger minstrel for?" he growled contemptuously.

Cornelius writhed inwardly. His face flushed, and he stammered confusedly. "I'm going to a party. I guess I won't be home till late. Mary Finn's giving a Halloween party."

The Finns lived in upper New York, and on this particular night their small flat was filled to overflowing with a merry company of young people.

All sorts of paper decorations hung from the walls and chandeliers. Jack-o'-lanterns were suspended in the doorways and swayed grimacingly as tall heads passed to and fro. In a circle of laughing young men and girls Mary Finn was outlining her program for the evening's fun.

"We'll tell fortunes by melting lead and dropping it in cold water, and we can roast chestnuts on the gas stove. There's a tub of water and apples to duck for in the kitchen, and afterward you peel the apples and throw the paring over your shoulder. It curls into the initial of the one you're going to marry! It does!" Mary blushed charmingly, and Cornelius intercepted her smile and took it to himself.

"And what else, Mary?" A broad shouldered young man with a shock of thick, dark hair moved forward and obstructed Cornelius' view of Mary Finn.

"It's for us girls to do," giggled Mary. "We let down our hair at midnight and take a lighted candle and a handglass and walk backward around the house three times. Only this being a flat we'll have to walk up and down the hall. I guess, if you're ever going to get married you'll see the face of your future husband in the glass."

"Do you believe that, Mary?" asked a thin faced girl sharply. "You seem to take it like it was dead earnest, but—"

"Ask my mother," returned Mary proudly, and genial Mrs. Finn nodded complacently.

"It's true, ain't it Michael?" she asked of Mr. Finn, who murmured assent. "I saw Mike as plain as could be looking over my shoulder, and I married him, didn't I? Don't be so skeptical, Kitty; it ain't healthy. Keep young and foolish as long as you can."

The thin faced Kitty smiled politely and sat down near Cornelius. "Things don't come like that, do they?" she asked him. "I mean the things you want to happen don't come so easy. You have to work to make 'em come right."

"I—I don't know. I never thought much about it," admitted Cornelius, conscious that he had been wildly hoping that some reflection of his face might be projected upon Mary Finn's mirror.

"Humph!" ejaculated Kitty scornfully as she moved away.

It was a delightful evening. There were much fun and merriment over the fortune telling and the apple ducking. Cornelius was lifted to heights of bliss when Mary's paring dropped over her shoulder and formed a distinct B—for Babcock, of course. But he was plunged to the lowest depths when he learned that the broad shouldered young man's name was Brady—Christopher Brady—so he stood an equal chance with Cornelius.

But the hour of midnight was to be the crucial test of future partners for life. Apple parings might fall in to all sorts of angles that would be mistaken or construed into any desired

letters, but a face in a mirror—surely each countenance bore its own distinction, and there could be nothing but plain magic in that test.

Cornelius grew hot and cold as the hour approached. He had scarcely a word with Mary Finn, so absorbed was she in her duties as hostess.

At ten minutes before midnight the girls withdrew to a bedroom, from whence issued much giggling and pushing about and sudden shrieks of laughter. Mrs. Finn ambled to and fro in friendly banter with the waiting young men in the parlor.

"No cheating, boys," she warned, her voice shrill above the vigorous singing of Mr. Christopher Brady at the piano. They laughed good naturedly and joined in the chorus of "She Said She Loved Me, but Now She Loves Another Fellow," and something in the air stuck in Cornelius' memory and could not be eradicated for many a day.

"I don't see where we fellows get any fun out of it all," growled Mr. Brady, whirling around on the stool. "I wonder if I couldn't let down my hair and run around with a hand mirror—what do you think I'd see, eh?"

"You'd see a conceited puppy!" joked Mr. Finn, slapping Mr. Brady's broad shoulders with easy familiarity. "Let me whisper a secret, Chris—excuse me, gents"—he bent down and whispered in Mr. Brady's red ear, while that gentleman nodded mirthfully.

"Sure, I'll do it. I'm on. I thought maybe there was something more! Have a cigar, Mr. Finn." He followed Mary's father into the kitchen, and Cornelius sat silently alone, envying the easy manners of the big Mr. Brady and his apparent intimacy with the Finns. Did this friendliness portend some bond between Christopher Brady and Mary Finn?

Cornelius grew wretched as the time passed. Mary must soon make her test of fate in the gloomy hall. When would he know if it was his own face she had seen over her shoulder? Would she tell it to the assembled company or would she acknowledge it by blushing when his questioning glance sought hers? Desperately he calculated the chances that fate held for him, and he admitted they were very few indeed. Everything he had ever gained he had had to struggle for, as had his father before him. He had fought tooth and nail for his position as office boy in the beginning, and he had fought his way up to his position as shipping clerk by sheer force of will and pluck. In his practical experience he had never called upon luck or fortune or fate to aid him in his climb. He just planned what he wanted and then worked up to it. It had proved a good method in the past.

Now he wanted Mary Finn. If he won her it must be by his usual methods. He must not trust to chance nor to any other doubtful means. There was no time to fool with luck or the magic sorceries of Halloween. He must have Mary Finn in spite of magic, in spite of Christopher Brady, in spite of everything.

Then it was that a daring thought came to Cornelius Babcock—daring because he was unaccustomed to intrigue or fighting in the dark, and this game called for darkness. Leagued against him were Christopher Brady and his intimacy with the Finns, and also on the opposing side were the chances that Cornelius would not win. So he resolved to fight for what he wanted—for Mary Finn.

Mr. Finn entered the parlor and lifted a hand to the chandelier. "I'll be dousing the light, boys," he warned. "Everything's got to be dark as your hat. Out she goes!"

In the thick velvety blackness that followed, Cornelius stepped, swift as a cat, across the floor to the door that led into the corridor. It was ajar and he pushed it open, slid around it and entered the hall where he felt his way into the embrasure of another door and waited, his heart pounding heavily.

Mary Finn would soon come down the hall, her fair hair swinging loose, her sweet face peering in the mirror's depths for the face of her true love. And Cornelius would be there, looking over her shoulder, his eyes meeting hers in the candlelight—settling their futures at one blow.

A door opened, and with muffled shrieks a slender form came into view holding a lighted candle before her. It was Mary Finn!

Christopher held his breath as she advanced. She looked so much like an angel, with the mist of hair about her shoulders and her eyes fixed timidly on the glass, that he almost forgot the role he had selected to play.

As she approached his hiding place Cornelius braced himself to overcome the shyness that began to steal over him. Here was his opportunity to forestall the goddess of chance—he would win Mary Finn in spite of magic!

As she passed he leaned forward and peered over her shoulder just as a dark shock head leaned from the opposite doorway to perform the same service. Their heads bumped vigorously, were withdrawn and then met in growling threats. Mary Finn turned with a frightened cry.

"Whatever is the matter? Why-y?" She stared at the two rivals with mirthful eyes.

"Did you see my face, Mary?" snapped Cornelius sharply, aware that he had suddenly attained manhood.

"Didn't you see my face first?" She flushed and nodded with downcast eyes. In the gloom her hand stole into Cornelius' outstretched palm.

"Ah-h-h," growled Mr. Christopher Brady sourly. "You saw my face in the glass too! How about me, eh?"

"Maybe you're going to be my second husband, Chris—if anything happens to Corny—but I hope nothing happens!"

And Mr. Brady had to be satisfied with that arrangement.

Floored the Court.

London Law Times tells a story of the late Lord Ashbourne, who as lord chancellor in presiding in the court of appeal in Ireland would occasionally make up his mind to bring a case to an end before the rising of the court.

A junior who was not conscious of his humor stood up to open what appeared to be a short interlocutory appeal. Lord Ashbourne after a sentence or two had been spoken interjected, "Now, Mr. —, why should we reverse the king's bench on a point like this?"

"My lord," rejoined counsel, "there are six reasons why the order should be reversed."

"Then," said the president of the court, "suppose we commence with your three best."

"No, my lord," said counsel; "I could not consent to that because I have frequently succeeded in this court upon my bad points."

Lord Ashbourne collapsed and for once was unable to have his own way in the court of appeal.

Neglected Neighborhoods.

You can find in almost any town a "neglected neighborhood." The easiest thing to do with such a neighborhood is to keep on neglecting it.

It is so easy for us to study these topics as if they were about other places and people than ourselves and our homes. Is there a neglected corner in your town or in your county? If there is, what are you going to do about it? Not "What have you been doing about it?" or "What ought you to do about it?" but "What are you going to do about it?"

If you can't get the committees interested do something yourself. Do not be afraid.

The thing is to get started. You see, as soon as you have started something the neighborhood is no longer neglected. And then it will be an easier matter to get some one to come in and help.—Christian Herald.

The Passing of a Type.

The hard contemporary fact is that the gloriously rare authors are becoming sadly rarer, even rarer than long haired actors. The long haired musician is still with us, though one of the most eminent masters of the pianoforte has yielded something to the modern spirit by submitting briefly to the shears. Individual age has here a potent influence—age, or the getting through with things. What a wonderfully picturesque person Dickens was at twenty-five! And how matter of fact at forty! Browning suffered a similarly sobering and averaging effect. The same thing is true of many other figures in that period, and it is not easy to guess whether the changing fashion set in during their middle years or whether advancing age would have effected the same change in any case.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Swiss Navy.

Centuries before Germany was to be reckoned with as a sea power Switzerland possessed a fleet equipped for warfare. Eight hundred years ago, on all the larger Swiss lakes, armed galleys were maintained by the rival cantons. Skilled shipwrights had to be imported from Genoa for the construction of these vessels, some of which carried crews of 500 men or more. The largest of these flotillas was maintained on the lake of Geneva, when the inhabitants of Geneva were at war with Savoy. Since the neutrality of Switzerland has been guaranteed by the powers there has been no need for war vessels on the lakes. The Swiss, however, possess a mercantile navy which carries a considerable amount of trade over the 342 miles of navigable waterways in the republic.

Sorry For the Overworked Artist.

"Henry," said his sister at the breakfast table the morning after, "you shouldn't ask that young artist to work so hard when he and a party of your other friends visit you."

"Huh?" replied brother, coming out of a postmortem reverie of the big hand.

"You needn't try to deny it. I listened at the door awhile, and some one was always asking the poor artist to 'draw three' or draw some other number of pictures. At least you should have been satisfied to have him draw one at a time."—Kansas City Star.

A Complex Problem.

"Do you think worry makes a man bald headed?"

"It's hard to say," replied the man who gives every question cautious consideration, "whether you get bald because you worry or worry because you are getting bald."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Suspicious.

Ted—You don't seem to be as friendly with him as you used to be. Ned—No; I'm rather suspicious of him. He borrowed some money from me the other day and paid it back.—Judge.

Followed the Lead.

Teacher—Where do we obtain coal, Freddie? Freddie—From the coal beds, miss. Teacher—Right! Now, Jimmy, where do we obtain feathers? Jimmy—From feather beds, miss.

Conscience.

Sunday School Teacher—What is conscience, Tommy? Small Tommy—It's what makes a fellow feel sore when he gets found out.—Chicago News.

Her Preference.

"Yes, I enjoyed the voyage," said Mrs. Twickenbury, "but on the whole I think I prefer terra cotta."—Christian Register.

Kaintuck

He Saw New York and Went Through the Tunnel

By THOMAS R. DEAN

In New York city there is a spacious excavation at the crossing of Broadway and Thirty-third street which is the entrance room of the Hudson tunnels. There are newspaper and candy stands, ticket offices and benches. One afternoon a tall, bony man descended the steps leading to this subterranean station and looked about him wonderingly.

He was Martin Granger, a Kentuckian, who had come from his native state to see New York. He had taken a tour in one of the big autocars in which strangers are shown the metropolis while a conductor points out the principal items of curiosity and comments on them through a megaphone. And now he had determined to go through the tunnel under the Hudson river that he might go back to Henderson county, Ky., and tell his children how the great ships, some of them 800 or 900 feet long, had sailed right over his head, while smaller boats without number had steamed back and forth in the same relative position.

Not knowing exactly how to get to the cars which were to take him on this (to him) perilous journey or perhaps wishing for time to screw up his courage to plunge under the great river, he sat down on one of the benches, presenting a perfect picture of a southwestern countryman wonder struck with that congregation of people which within a radius of twenty-five miles forms the largest in the world.

He had not been there long before a man came and sat down beside him. But Martin Granger was not interested in a single man, but the throngs passing through this station, wherein everything was as much alive underground as on the surface and were just as much alive above the surface as on it. The man beside him sat there but a few minutes, then got up and went away.

Presently Granger noticed persons buying tickets at a booth and put his hand into his pocket for money. Intending to do the same thing. Casting his eyes down beside him, he saw a small package on the bench. He took it up, looked at it, then cast a glance about him for the owner, thinking that it had been left through carelessness. A number of persons were near, but there was no evidence that any one of them was the owner of the package. He weighed it and found it light—no heavier than paper. He pondered awhile as to what to do with it, then untied a string and partly unwrapped the covering.

Any look of surprise that had come over Martin Granger's face while in New York was surpassed by the one that came upon it now. He looked upon the corner of a bank bill and especially on the figures \$100. As soon as he regained something of his equanimity he lifted the corner of the bill, and underneath it was another of the same denomination. The next below this was marked \$50, the next \$20, the next \$100, and so on of different denominations. The package was about two inches thick.

"What you got there?" Granger, looking up, saw a man standing over him regarding him with a severe expression.

"Somebody has been powerful careless and left a whole stack o' bank bills on this yere seat."

"I'm in luck," said the other. "You've found the bills taken from the vaults of the — Trust company."

"How do you know that?" asked Granger.

"I know it because I am a detective and have been shadowing the man who stole the bills. I followed him down here, and realizing that I had him trapped, rather than be caught with the plunder on him he sat down here beside you and when he went away left it. His intention is doubtless to follow you, and when you get far enough from the station and he thinks himself unobserved he will claim the property."

The westerner looked at the man with wonder. "You must be one o' them fellers that I've read about in the stories printed in our home paper. They kin tell from a shirt button or the stump of a cigar jist who done the murder."

"Yes; I'm a detective. Now I've got the stolen property I want you to help me take the thief. Where are you going?"

"I'm goin' down under the river jist to see how it feels to be joggin' along under the big ships."

"All right. Put the package in your pocket and—"

The speaker stopped short and turned his back on Granger as though he had no intercourse with him. In a few minutes he turned again and continued:

"I saw the rascal. He's gone down the stairs to the train. I didn't want to have him see me talking to you. Go to that birdcage over there and buy the tickets. You'll be given two o' 'em. Then go past that man over there and drop 'em in the box. Get on the train, and don't leave it till you get to the last station—Hoboken. I'll be in the same car with you, and quite likely the man who stole the bills will

be on the train. When he joins you and asks you for his parcel I'll nab him."

"Waal, now, ain't that fine! I thort that when I come to New York I'd see some remarkable sights, but I didn't think I'd git inter one o' them detective stories."

The man gave him a knowing look, and Granger bought his tickets and, descending a flight of steps leading farther down toward the center of the earth, found a train, which he boarded, and was soon carried down under the mighty waters. He seemed overpowered and did not draw a regular breath till a guard called "All out!" and, seeing the other passengers leave the train, the visitor to New York also left.

He had no sooner stepped on the platform before he saw the detective looking at him, and Granger followed him up a flight of stairs, through a railway station and on to a ferryboat. As soon as the boat left the dock the detective joined the Kentuckian.

"I thort you was goin' to nab the thief," said the latter.

"He has eluded me. We'll return to New York. You may as well turn over the goods to me. I shall not be able to take the thief."

Now, Granger was a countryman, but there are few persons in the world who have not learned the principle that "possession is nine points of the law."

"What am I goin' to git out o' the find?" he asked.

"Oh, you'll get the reward. There's \$10,000 offered for the return of the stolen goods."

"Reckon that's all right. But if you do the returnin' how am I to git the reward?"

"I'll report you as the finder of the property."

"You jist tell me whar to turn it in, and I'll go thar with it."

There was a good deal of sparring on the part of the detective to get possession of the property, which failed. Before the boat landed he explained to the Kentuckian that the latter was in a very dangerous position. If the detective should arrest him as the thief it would go hard with him. But the bluff was not effective. The Kentuckian said that he thought he could prove an alibi since he had reached New York only that morning and Cy Butler could swear to the fact since he had come all the way from Henderson county with him.

"Well," said the detective, "I suppose I'll have to go with you to the bank that lost the money, but it's too late to go today. The banks don't keep open after 3 o'clock. You can stay with me overnight, and we'll turn the money over tomorrow morning."

The Kentuckian said he had promised to stay with Cy Butler at a hotel on the east side, but the detective explained that it would not do for him to let him go away with the money, so Granger finally consented to spend the night with him in his room.

The apartment was in a cheap flat house. The detective, as soon as they had entered it, looked the door and said to Mr. Granger:

"See here, pard, there's plenty for both of us in this deal. I'm the man that took that money from the bank. There's \$80,000 of it. I'll give you \$20,000. What do you say?"

"What do I say? Why, I say I'm farnin' New York powerful fast. I thort you was a detective."

"You're a pretty good sort of chap," replied the other. "And I don't mind taking you into my confidence. I was the man who sat down by you in the Hudson tunnel station. I was trying to get away from a shadower. I concluded to load the goods on to you till I could get away from him and divide with you. All you've got to do to be rich is to turn the goods back to me and deduct your share."

Granger looked at him with righteous indignation and said:

"Stranger, I've lived in Henderson county, Kaintucky, for forty year. Anybody thar'll tell you I ain't got a dishonest ha'r in my head. I'm goin' to turn this money back to the bank that lost it, and don't you forget it."

The man put out his hand and grasped Granger's saying, "Anybody'd know to look at you that you were an honest man."

Holding Granger's right hand, the rascal put his own left hand to his hip and drew a revolver. He had cocked and raised it only a part of the way to cover his man when Granger, quick as a flash, put his hand to the back of his neck and drew forth a knife about ten inches long and held it point downward over the so called detective.

"I see that hand," he said quietly, "and go you one better. Drop yer weepin'!"

The man needed to raise his pistol but a short distance to make it effective, yet the distance was sufficient to give the Kentuckian time to draw his bowie knife—a weapon of the olden time—and hold it point downward over him. The villain quailed and dropped his pistol.

How the Kentuckian drove his enemy down and out into the street, met a policeman and the three proceeded to a station; how the next morning the money was turned over by its finder to the bank, is merely a succession of ordinary details. When the president handed Granger a check for \$10,000 the subject grows again interesting. The Kentuckian handed it back, saying:

"Do you reckon that if one o' my Kaintuck neighbors mares war to stray away and git on to my premises and I sent her back by a nigger I'd take money for doin' it? No, sir. You may do things that a-way in New York but we don't do 'em so in Kaintuck."

And, turning on his heel, he left the bank.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Joseph Loder, who has been away undergoing medical treatment, is home and seems to be greatly improved in health.

John Lyons, our enterprising farmer and lumberman, is remodeling his residence in a most attractive and substantial manner and also is installing a heating plant which will enable him to laugh when the snow flies and the wind blows this winter.

Weasels are becoming very tame, as one played around the front porch of the Howard Postoffice last Sunday. It greatly aroused the curiosity of the residents of that part of town. Had it been a week-day off would have come his scalp.

Miss Mary Allison is visiting with her brother at Gloucester, N. J., also with her niece, Mrs. Cincera Yearick, in Philadelphia.

Clarence Johnson has a nice exhibit of fancy poultry. He not only has some fine specimens but a large number of them.

Antes Confer, owner of the B. F. Lauth farm, has been making improvements on his property, which shows his industry and also the energy of his tenant, William Deitz.

S. D. Tice, one of Howard's representative men, is very busy with his steam separator threshing the crops for the farmers.

Charley Lucas, our bachelor restaurant man, who has been doing business at Galitzin the past year, has returned to Howard and will re-open a first-class restaurant at his old stand in Kline & Wolfe's building.

The P. R. R. Co. a year ago had need of the Howard Furnace school grounds, east of Howard, also the Fletcher school grounds, west of town, the same being desired in completing the company lines and the State roads. These buildings have been given a new coat of paint, inside and out, also new outbuildings have been erected, brick walks laid and playgrounds extended, thus adding two modern buildings to Howard township. This work was all done by the railroad company at its own expense.

Jackson Kline has extended an addition to his store-room and is painting the interior a neat white, giving the rooms a charming and most attractive appearance. Always enterprising and always reaping the reward.

W. H. Thompson, who purchased the Elizabeth Gardner property, is now remodeling the same with weatherboarding, new windows and a modern front porch. When all is freshly painted it will present a most handsome appearance.

Farmers are bringing their young cattle home from the Allegheny mountains and butchers are swarming around the farmers "as thick as flies." First class beef. They seem to know where to come to get the best.

Elizabeth Wolfe, a pupil of the intermediate grade, had her school-mates of the town to spend Tuesday evening at the residence of her father, Summer Wolfe, where Mrs. Wolfe had arranged everything so cleverly that all present had a most enjoyable time.

Mark Robb, of Romola, was in Howard on Monday on a business mission.

Mrs. Alice Heverly, nee Alice DeLong, the widow of James Heverly, deceased. The subject of this sketch had been a sufferer from muscular rheumatism for the last twelve years. Her muscles gradually hardened and she was unable to attend to housework and other little duties for some years. She was able to walk when led by others. Her son Charley and daughter Maude patiently remained at home and carefully cared for her every want until death came on Wednesday morning and relieved her of all earthly sufferings.

Port Matilda.

Miss Elizabeth Pringle, of Altoona, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. A. B. Williams.

Mrs. J. M. Graham, Jr. of Newton Hamilton, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Jones.

Quite a jolly crowd of Tyrone girls Sundayed at S. S. Miles. They were the two Misses Elder, the Misses Colto and Miss Grafius.

Mrs. O. C. Jones shopped in Altoona Monday.

Mrs. Sanford Miller and daughter, Irene, have returned to their home in Altoona, after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Price.

Harold Bennett spent Sunday with his friend, Kenyon Williams, at Unionville.

Rev. Dillen and family of Greenwood, spent Sunday with Mrs. Susan Stine.

J. H. Crain and wife were Tyrone shoppers Monday.

Little Miss Mary Williams visited in Tyrone over Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Boord preached in the Baptist church last Sunday.

Calvin Jones and son, Russell, of Phillipsburg, spent Sunday at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Henrietta Jones.

Clark Chaney left Sunday morning for Detroit, Mich., to again resume work.

Miss Florence Cogan Sundayed, with her aunt, Mrs. C. V. Woodring.

Mrs. O. S. Kelsey, of Flemington, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Rev. W. B. Cook.

Miss Margaret Williams went as far as Tyrone with Miss Pearl Rothermel, who left for her new home at Windber.

Mrs. Dr. Harshberger and son, Samuel, shopped in Tyrone Saturday.

Woodward.

Quite a number of people from town attended the Milton fair last Thursday.

The stork presented Mr. and Mrs. Walter Reffner with a baby girl last week.

Solomon Vonada and sister Mrs. Bowersox, from Laurelton, spent the Sabbath with the former's daughter, Mrs. Abbie Treaster.

Mrs. Norris Kent left for Montgomery last Saturday.

Rev. Romberger and wife, from Madisonburg, were entertained at the home of Mrs. R. M. Wolf Sunday night.

Miss Lula Boob, from Spring Mills spent part of last week here.

T. G. Wolf and family and James Smith and family spent Sunday at the home of Thos. Benner at Fiedler.

Pine Grove Mills.

Mrs. Sarah Hess is arranging to close her home on Main Street and spend the winter at Medina, Ohio.

Mrs. A. W. Myton and Mrs. Louis Gregory, of Petersburg, were Lemont and State College visitors last week.

James Koch last week moved to Sun-yside to boss a job in the kilns.

Comrade J. W. Sunday spent the early part of the week with old friends in Bellefonte.

Miss Esther Osman spent Monday with her sister, Mrs. H. C. Bloom, at Gatesburg.

Rev. L. S. Spangler is attending the Lutheran Synod at Lewistown, being accompanied by his wife. J. H. Hoy is the lay member.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Musser, of Clearfield, visited with relatives down Penns-ylvania for several days.

Harry Shugerts, of Altoona, was down for a few days outing last week but took very sick and rushed back home Saturday.

Mrs. Lizzie Strouse and two bright little girls were welcome callers at the G. B. Fry home on Saturday.

Hon. Leonard Rhone and daughter, Miss Florence, of Centre Hall, visited with friends in this section several days last week.

Washington Grange hall is being repaired. In addition to a brand, new galvanized roof the interior is being repainted and papered and undergoing a general fix-up all over.

Mrs. Annie Miller is among the sick with uraemic trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Krebs have been from State College and spent Sunday very pleasantly among friends in town.

G. F. Miller is shy a splendid filly that died of an attack of acute indigestion after but a few hours' illness.

Mrs. Knuchie and daughter Miss Bernice, came up from Harrisburg and took rooms in the Gatesburg farm mansion, where they are thoroughly enjoying themselves while making daily calls to various points behind Old Dobbin, who by the way is an old-timer with a record of 2.17 and who can still show his heels at a lively clip.

J. P. Wagner and wife, of Altoona, paid Boalsburg a visit the latter part of last week, returning home on Sunday.

J. F. Weiland and family autoed to Altoona and spent Sunday very delightfully with relatives in that city. The trip was made in their Ford car.

Samuel Mattern, of Bellwood, spent Sunday at his parental home.

Paul C. Ward has accepted a position in the chemistry department of the Pennsy shops at Altoona for several months, expecting to top off his professional at State College.

The C. D. Miller farm was offered at public sale Thursday, starting off with a bid of \$34 per acre, but it was not sold.

W. H. Goss spent Tuesday in Tyrone visiting with his son, William K. Goss, whose family is enshrouded in gloom and sorrow. Two of their children have been buried recently. Mildred Elsie, their sweet little daughter of five years, died from membranous croup on Saturday evening after but two days' illness, and was buried Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. In the very midst of the great sorrow in the home baby boy Samuel Frederick died on Sunday evening at 10 o'clock and was laid to rest by the side of his sister on Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the Fairview cemetery, at Tyrone. Rev. W. C. Shireman officiated at the services, the interment being private. The family are almost distracted with grief. Suffer not, fond parents, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Suffer not for little children to come unto Me. May the Heavenly Father look down upon these parents with tenderness and compassion in the hour of their sad bereavement.

At a regular meeting of State College Lodge, No. 1032, I. O. O. F., held on Monday evening, T. M. Gramley, D. D. G. M., installed these newly elected officers:

N. G.—John H. Mong.
V. G.—B. H. Bottenhorn.
R. S.—H. E. Woomer.
Financial Sec'y.—Walter Woomer.
Treasurer.—N. B. Hartwick.
Secretary.—C. L. Hollibaugh.
R. S. to N. G.—B. V. Shope.
L. S. to N. G.—Fred J. Kauffman.
Warden.—Milton Shuey.
Chaplain.—G. B. Jackson.
Cohdoctor.—Charles Musser.
R. S. to V. G.—Park Homan.
L. S. to V. G.—Charles Messimer.
S. S.—G. H. Kline and Joseph Carl.
I. S. G.—C. L. Hollibaugh.
O. S. G.—Oscar Bowersox.
Rep. to Grand Lodge.—G. B. Jackson.
Rep. Orphans Home.—Percival Rudy.
The exercises were concluded with a smoker which was greatly enjoyed by all.

Money was Returned.

Several baseball fans in Bellefonte fell down with their plans for taking in the big world's series between the Athletics and New York. Certified checks mailed with requests for tickets of admission were returned. It was explained that no tickets were sold on mail or phone orders.

Mt. Eagle.

A crew of railroad men have been busy the last few days tearing down the tower at the upper end of the new road, preliminary to building a larger one. The old station has also been torn down to make way for a larger and more modern one.

J. F. Deitz is on the sick list this week, it being necessary several days ago to call in a physician.

Mrs. Watson and daughter, of Snow Shoe, spent last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas.

Mrs. Smoyer and daughter, of Snow Shoe, visited here last Thursday with her sister, Mrs. Jacob Shank.

Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson were Bellefonte shoppers last Thursday evening.

Earl H. Leathers was a Bellefonte visitor on business several days ago.

Mrs. Patrick Laughlin, of Snow Shoe, who was recently married, came home several days ago to see her parents.

The last report from Al. Strickland is that he is getting along very nicely.

Miss Ida Thomas has returned home, after visiting for several months in Tyrone, Altoona and Pittsburgh.

Austin Reeder and two of his children, who recently moved to Flemington, spent Sunday with old acquaintances in and about Mt. Eagle.

Mrs. Jacob Shank, who has been ill, is much better at this writing. On Sunday her four sisters visited her.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kline and children, of Flemington, spent Sunday with Mrs. Kline's brother, Benjamin.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Gates, of Bellefonte, have been visiting with the former's mother, Mrs. Martin Gates.

Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. George Hiram attended a birthday party at the home of Mr. Robinson, on Marsh Creek, on Sunday. About twenty-two were there for dinner.

Irvin Robinson spent Sunday at the home of his father, Irvin Robinson, Sr.

Miss Anna W. Deitz, one of the trained nurses at the Lock Haven hospital, took supper on Sunday evening with her parents.

Miss Eva Neff and Miss Hinton, of Howard, hiked it to Curtin on Sunday evening to ride home on the night train, stopping long enough with the writer to receive a hand-out to help them on their way. Come again, girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thomas, of Howard, took supper on Sunday with the former's brother, John Thomas and his family.

Two of Will Deitz's daughters, from below Howard, walked to Mt. Eagle and enjoyed a good supper with their uncle.

Mr. Editor, I do not want to criticize or engage in personal mention, but it does seem to me that some people find fault with the way the Sabbath is desecrated in the cities and towns and overlook the fact that the day is disregarded also in the rural districts by thoughtless ones. Some persons were very much surprised to find quite a lot of young folks recently engaged in a baseball game on Sunday. Such things are a shame.

Blanchard.

The Liberty Baptist Association, never in the history of that body spent a more delightful time than that last week. There were present about 75 delegates, who were entertained royally by their Baptist friends and everybody enjoyed themselves and were happy. The Colporters wagon was dedicated on Thursday and will immediately go on the road, being taken care of by Rev. Mr. Boord. The next association meeting will be held at Bellwood.

Rev. Bards was the guest of Mrs. Elizabeth Potts and attended the Association on Thursday.

Cora B. Snyder, of State College, spent Thursday with her mother, Mrs. H. A. Snyder.

J. J. Miles, of Martha, visited his old friend, D. B. Kunes, on Thursday.

Mrs. William Johnson, of Howard, attended the Association at Eagleville on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Williams are spending a few weeks at DaBois visiting friends.

Mrs. Matilda Bechdel, of Hagleville, while on her way to Johnstown, met with a serious accident on Friday at Tyrone, while going through the subway, by falling and hurting her head and face so badly that the Doctor had to dress it for her, and she was brought back home in the 2 o'clock train. She is under the Dr.'s care still.

Business Statement.

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., of The Republican, published weekly at Bellefonte, Pa., as required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Name of editor, managing editor, business manager and publisher, Charles E. Dorworth.

Owner, Charles E. Dorworth.

Known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders, holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of October, 1913.

JAMES C. FURST, Notary Public.

This is a copy of our Rexall Store Advertisement in this week's (October 11) Saturday Evening Post. Read it and profit by it.

Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 2

Do You Love Violets?

Do you love to gather them, to bury your face in the mass of their sun-kissed petals—to revel in their fragrance?

Then why not carry with you everywhere the soft fragrance of choicest fresh-cut violets? You can, by using for all your toilet needs—perfume, talcum, cold, cream, soap, sachet,—the dainty

Violet Dulce Perfume and Toilet Preparations

In the south of France, near the border of Italy, there springs in early January the Parma Violet, one of the finest and sweetest that blows. It is loveliest in the shade of the olive trees. The peasants who gather this violet for us go out soon after midnight to pluck it while it is still wet with dew. Before dawn, tons upon tons of these violets are heaped up in the distilleries. By noon they have been converted into the concentrated essence that comes over the seas to us.

To make an ounce of this essence, upon which our Violet Dulce is based, two tons of violets are used.

Violet Dulce Toilet Goods are sold to you under our positive guarantee that if you do not find them entirely satisfactory, you can have your money back. This guarantee is good in any Rexall Store, of which there are more than 7,000, one leading druggist in each important city and town in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. By their co-operative manufacturing and distributing arrangement these stores can give you the advantage of very moderate prices on Violet Dulce Toilet Goods, as will be seen from the following list:

Violet Dulce Talcum Powder	25c
Violet Dulce Toilet Water	75c and \$1.25
Violet Dulce Extract—the ounce	50c
Violet Dulce Complexion Powder	50c
Violet Dulce Liquid Complexion Powder	50c and \$1.00
Violet Dulce Complexion Powder (in cake form)	35c
Violet Dulce Dry Longe (Theatrical No. 16)	19c & 20c
Violet Dulce Sachet—the ounce	50c
Violet Dulce Toilet Soap—the cake	25c
Violet Dulce Cold Cream	25 and 50c
Violet Dulce Vanishing Cream	50c

"Violet Dulce Week" begins to-day at all The Rexall Stores

You can obtain these articles only at

Green's Pharmacy Co.

Bellefonte The Rexall Store Pa.

In the Saturday Evening Post on November 8 will be printed "Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 3," on Symphony Lawn Writing Paper.

"The Wolf."

"The Wolf," from the pen of Eugene Walter, author of several dramas, is so different from the usual run of plays that leaves a distinct impression from the usual run of its own upon the minds of the spectators. The story and theme are new. There is an abundance of bright dialogue, droll humor and the pathos and sentiment of the play are not of the artificial sort. The stage settings are remarkably elaborate and many of the scenes are so well managed as to receive hearty applause. This company some time ago played Bellefonte in "The Servant in the House." "The Wolf" will be at Garman's Opera House Wednesday night, October 15th. Prices 25, 35, 50 and 75 and a few at \$1.

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" will be presented here in the near future. Adv.

Reunion of 110th Regiment.

The 50th annual reunion of the 110th Regiment, Penna. Vols. will be held to-day at Tyrone. There will be a "camp fire" this evening at 7.30 o'clock.

Columbus Day.

Monday, next, is Columbus Day, and it being a legal holiday the several banks will remain closed during the entire day.

Soothes itching skin. Heals cuts or burns without a scar. Cures piles eczema, salt rheum, any itching. Doan's Ointment. Your druggist sells it.

A Serious Experience.

While hunting in the Big Horn mountains two men found a narrow path, little more than a deer trail, leading up to the summit. They dismounted and led their horses, moving very cautiously, for on one side the mountain rose up like a wall, and on the other sloped down a thousand feet to the canyon below. Suddenly both horses pricked up their ears as if scenting a wild beast. Then there came a shot from the hunter in advance, and the hunter in the rear found himself hanging over the cliff. He had been leading the horse by the reins, and when the horse shied and upset him he held on with a death grip. It was nearly five minutes that he thus hung on to the slender strap, while the horse held back with all his strength. But he could not climb up, and his companion had to haul him up to a place of safety, and then he naturally fainted.—St Paul Pioneer Press.

Eye-glass Screws.

If the tiny screws that hold your eye-glass lenses in place will not stay tightened and you are far away from a jeweler, tighten them with a pen-knife and drop a bit of glue on them. When this hardens, the screws will not loosen for many weeks.—Exchange.

A Misapprehension.

"I like to see Mrs. de Style enter a room. She has such a fine carriage."

"Law, she don't drive it into people's houses, does she?"—Baltimore American.

Force of Habit.

"How is it you can so easily tell a married man in any assemblage?"

"By the way he listens."—Baltimore American.

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR RENT—Two houses in first-class condition one is 4 rooms, one 5 rooms. Inquire of Mrs. William L. Steele, Sr., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Experienced or young man to learn lunch business. Inquire, MOWEY'S CAFE, Tyrone, Pa.

TEACHERS—I can give you some good bargains in reference books and dictionaries if you see me soon. E. J. WILLIAMS, Fleming Pa.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free pkgs. Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good Pay. All or spare time. No money 539 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—Driving mare, blooded stock and pedigree; perfectly safe; not afraid of automobiles; may be driven by ladies. Inquire of or address R. C. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—The Dr. W. W. Feidt property on High Street is offered for sale, desirable location; property in good condition; price reasonable. Inquire of Robert Cole, Architect, Bellefonte, Pa. 7-31-tf.

FOR SALE OR RENT—8 room frame house, located in Sunnyside, near Bellefonte; water at rear of house; house well built and in good condition. Inquire ARISTA LUCAS, Fleming, Pa. 6-12-5t

WONDERFUL AMAZING INVENTION!—Just out. Agents coming money. Lights the home brilliantly for one cent per night. Competent agents work into territorial managers quickly. Allen-Sparks Gas Light Co. Lansing, Mich.

BOOK-KEEPING—Special auditing and book-keeping by experienced book-keeper. Is in position to take charge of and keep a limited number of sets of books. Inquire of or address "Book-keeper," care "The Republican" office, Bellefonte, Pa.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, October 29, 1913, by Lyman W. Meeks, John B. Meek and Philip P. Goetham, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 28th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for a charter of an intended corporation to be called State College Hilliard & Bowling Company, the character and object of which is the letting, hiring, renting and use of billiard and pool tables, bowling alleys and the sale of pipes, tobaccos, cigars and confectioneries and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the right, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements. H. T. HALL, Solicitor.

GET THIS STRAIGHT MR. MAN:

If You Want the Most For Your Money You Must Buy Your Fall Clothing at Claster's



This is not mere talk. It is a statement of fact which investigation will prove to your entire satisfaction. Doesn't it stand to reason that you must get more for your money when you buy directly from the makers and pay but one profit over the cost of production which is what you do when you buy clothing at Claster's than you can possibly get at any other store, where you must pay two profits—the manufacturer's and the retailer's?

Now look into this matter carefully before you spend another dollar for clothing. Make comparisons, and you will find that you can actually save an astonishingly large amount in buying at Claster's, and at the same time get absolutely the best in style and quality that any store can give you.

Suits at \$6.00 to \$17.00

Fall Overcoats \$7.00 to \$17.00

Trousers at \$1.50 to \$5.00

Raincoats at \$5.00 to \$15.00

Claster's Bellefonte, Pa.

A Futile Attempt

To Keep a Boy and a Girl From Wedlock

By PETER SCHONSKY

Count Ivan Ivanovich, a Russian nobleman, had the misfortune to marry a wife who for years led him a dance, then ran away with an officer in the army, leaving him alone with a son, Boris, a year old.

Naturally the count was bittered against women. The very sight of one of the opposite sex threw him into a state bordering on insanity. He at last became so affected on encountering a woman that his physician recommended that he go where he would not meet them.

So Count Ivan sold out his estate near St. Petersburg and went into Siberia, where he bought a large tract of land, in the center of which he built himself a house. He encircled his land with a high wall, in which there was but one opening, at which he stationed a guard with instructions not to permit any woman or female child to enter the inclosure. His servants were all men, and if any article was needed that a man could not make it was obtained from without.

Besides keeping away from women himself, the count decided to keep his son away from them. When Boris began to talk his father gave orders that he should not be told that there were such persons as women in the world. The boy was to grow up thinking that the only human beings were men. Perhaps there was a trace of insanity in this, but that as it may, so great was the care taken to keep all sexual knowledge away from Boris that he was fifteen years old before such knowledge came to him.

The revelation reached him in this way: A lady of Moscow, Catherine Barchikoff, had the same experience with her husband that Count Ivanovich had with his wife, Barchikoff having deserted her for her maid. The sight of a man did not have the same effect upon her that the sight of a woman invariably had on Count Ivanovich, but she determined to bring up her baby daughter, Nathalie, in ignorance of the male sex, keeping her so if possible till she should have passed the age at which young girls usually marry.

Now, Mme. Barchikoff knew as well as did Count Ivanovich that it would be impossible to bring up a girl never to see a man unless in a wilderness. So she began to make inquiries as to where she should find an uninhabited region in which to live. Very naturally, she arrived at the same conclusions as Count Ivanovich. Siberia was but thinly settled, and it was the nearest region to St. Petersburg fitted for the purpose, was not far from a railroad terminal and therefore available for receiving supplies. Thus it happened that Count Ivanovich took a son and Mme. Barchikoff a daughter to the same neighborhood in Siberia, the one to keep his boy away from women, the other to keep her girl away from men.

Siberia is a very large country, but not large enough to keep apart a man and a woman, provided there be but one man and one woman within its limits, even though they be at points farthest apart. Boris Ivanovich and Nathalie Barchikoff were the only youth and maiden in the region in which they dwelt, and they were not very far apart. Ergo, if the above reasoning is correct it follows that despite the watchfulness of their respective parents they would sooner or later form a union.

Boris grew up a manly young fellow and before he was thirteen years old began to chafe at being confined within an inclosure. When he asked permission to go outside the walls his father said to him:

"Are you not permitted to roam over a vast territory? Have you not rivers in which to fish? Have you not forests in which to hunt? Be content, my boy. Within our domain you are safe; without it you will be subject to a great danger."

"What danger?"

"Without our walls is an animal something like a man. It is made in the image of a man, but has the eye of a serpent. It charms men as the snake charms birds. If you once meet one of these creatures you are liable to be devoured."

Far from being impressed with such a warning, Boris, who was fond of hunting, thought continuously about this creature fashioned something like a man, yet able to charm men to destroy them. Gradually a desire grew upon him to see one of these creatures. If he felt a spell coming over him he would shoot the vampire. It was not long before he was trying to bribe the guard at the gate to let him out. But the guard was incorruptible. So when Boris was in his sixteenth year he rode away one morning with an ax and his gun and, reaching the wall, cut down a tree that leaned toward it and, when the tree fell against the top of the wall, climbed up and dropped down on the ground outside the inclosure.

The boy, keeping his gun ready to protect him in case of need, hunted for hours for the manlike creature his father had told him about, but found only wild animals. He returned by felling a tree on the outside against the wall and went home, no one hav-

ing discovered his absence beyond the inclosure.

Boris made many such trips before he found the manlike creature. Coming one day to a high fence, he climbed it and pursued his way through a forest. Presently, coming to a lake whose surface was frozen, he saw what he was convinced was the creature he was desirous to meet skating on the ice.

From what his father had told him he had got an idea that there was something hideous about the animal and that it influenced men not by its beauty, but by magic. What he saw was so beautiful that instead of bringing his gun into position to protect himself it dropped out of his hands forgotten. The creature wore a gown trimmed with fur, the garment fluttering in the wind as she skimmed gracefully hither and thither. A dainty cap, made chiefly of fur, was on her head, and her hands were incased in fur.

Boris forgot entirely his father's caution. His chief desire was to go and see if he could catch the thing. Unfortunately he had no skates with him. He ran to the margin of the lake and called. The vampire turned, stopped and stood gazing at him with eyes as full of wonder as his own.

"Can you talk?" he called to her.

"Yes. Can you?"

"Of course I can, or I couldn't have asked you the question."

"I wonder if you're not a man?"

"Of course I am. Why do you wonder if I am?"

"Because I've heard our servants talk about what they call men, but I've never seen one before."

"And I've never seen anything like you before. What are you?"

"Why, I'm a girl."

"Are you the creature that charms men as snakes charm birds and then eats them?"

"I don't eat men. I never saw one before."

Each had by this time approached the other. The girl put her hand on Boris' sleeve and touched his cheek with her finger.

"Have you got a name?" she asked.

"Yes, Boris."

"My name is Nathalie."

Boris took the cap off her head and saw the coils of hair. He ran his hand over them.

"How smooth and soft," he said.

Suddenly her skates slipped from under her, and she fell into his arms. She smiled at him, showing white teeth between her lips. No one ever told him about a kiss. He had never heard of such a thing. No one ever told a newborn babe that, feeling hungry, it would find sustenance at its mother's breast. Boris kissed the lips before him from the same cause—instinct. He started.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The spell."

"What spell? Isn't it nice?"

"Nice! Too nice. Are you going to charm and eat me?"

The girl laughed and showed the same white teeth between the red lips and a couple of dimples besides. He kissed her again. Then he began to think very hard.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Nathalie.

"Well, I was thinking that if what my father said is true, that you are charming me to destroy me, you can go right on doing it, and I'm going right on doing it, too, till I'm lost."

And he kissed her again.

Mme. Barchikoff, having a mind to join her daughter, who she was aware, had gone to the lake to skate, at this moment stepped from the edge of a road and stood transfixed at seeing her daughter held in the arms of a youth, whose lips were pressed upon the girl's. The good woman caught at a tree to prevent her falling in a swoon, and as soon as she could gather her faculties she hurried down on to the ice.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded of Boris.

"Going to the devil as fast as possible. But I can't be ruined by you. You may be one of the same kind, but I can resist you without trouble."

"Go away from here."

"I won't."

"Nathalie, come to the house immediately."

"I won't. If this is the awful man I've heard about I don't think he's so awful at all." And she clung to Boris.

"Come to the house, both of you," said the mother, more persuasively, and they obeyed.

An hour later Mme. Barchikoff was driven in a sleigh to the gate of Count Ivanovich and demanded admittance. Being refused, she sent in word to the count that her son was at her house making love to her daughter. The count, having steeled himself with a goblet of vodka, went out to see his visitor and, after a brief conversation between the two, rode back with her to her home. There they found the young couple sitting before an open fire locked in each other's arms.

"You are ruined!" cried the count to his son.

"I love to be ruined," was the reply.

"You have brought down upon yourself," said Mme. Barchikoff to her daughter, "a terrible trouble."

"I'm ready to endure it," replied the girl, "for another of those what-you-may-call-'ems' (referring to the kisses)."

"Send for the priest!" cried the lady.

"The priest! Great heavens! Is my son to be manacled?"

"Yes, and I presume he will leave his wife for a menial."

"Well," moaned the father, "I suppose I must yield. Oh, my son, you have brought great misery on yourself. You will regret this all your life."

The priest came and went through a ceremony the young people did not understand, and that was the end of the endeavor of Count Ivanovich and Mme. Barchikoff trying to keep a boy and a girl apart.

Too Much For the School.
Not long ago Samuel G. Blythe, the magazine writer, and Otto Carmichael, the late Washington newspaper correspondent, were driving about Muncie, Carmichael's home town, when the latter expressed a desire to see the schoolhouse where he received his first impressions along educational lines. So the nose of the automobile was pointed southward, and a few miles out of Muncie they arrived at the old schoolhouse, a one room brick structure, dilapidated and fast falling into decay, having been abandoned many years ago in favor of the modern "consolidated" schools. "That," said Carmichael, his voice trembling with emotion at sight of the old building, "is where my education began. How many memories of happy childhood days it recalls!"

"Yes, I see," remarked Blythe dryly, letting his eyes wander over the doors and windows that were completely boarded up; "they educated you and then shut up shop."

Electricians and Soft Hats.
Every trade exercises some effect on the dress of its votaries. The locomotive engineer wears a cap and overall, the baker a white skull cap, the butcher a long white apron and straw sleeves, and the cook and the waiter each has his distinctive garb. Electricians wear soft hats, and the following account from the Electrical World gives the reason why: A substitution forman on an electric line in northern Indiana was explaining the details of some work to his men in a recently completed substation. In pointing out a joint in the high tension wiring, hat in hand, the rim of the derby came into contact with live wires. A circuit was completed from the high tension line through the small steel wire in the rim of the hat and through the man's body to the ground, thereby causing a shock which proved fatal. Soft hats have no metal wire in them, and that is why they are so popular with electricians.

Making Steel Pens.
Briefly described, steel pens are made as follows: First the steel is rolled into big sheets and then cut into strips about three inches in width. The strips are heated to a bright red and are then allowed to cool gradually, which tempers them. They are next rolled to the necessary thickness and are cut into blank flat pens, and the pens while flat are usually stamped with the brand or the name of the manufacturer. To shape the pens is the next process. The rounding makes them hold the ink and distribute it more evenly than could be done if they were flat. To harden them they are heated to a cherry red and then suddenly cooled. This not only hardens them, but makes them elastic. The polishing, pointing and finishing come next, and then they are ready for use. The little holes in the pens at the end of the slits serve to make them more elastic and to facilitate the flow of the ink.

Washing While Traveling.
Sir Francis Drake held that washing when on a journey has its drawbacks. In the "Art of Travel" he remarks that "there is no denying the fact, though it be not agreeable to confess it, that dirt and grease are great protectors of the skin against inclement weather and that therefore the leader of an exploring party should not be too exacting about the appearance of his less warmly clad followers. Daily washing, if not accompanied by oiling, must be compensated by wearing clothes. A dog will sleep out under any bush and thrive there so long as he is not washed, groomed and kept clean. There must be a balance between the activity of the skin and the calls upon it, and, where the exposure is greater, there must the pores be more defended."—London Globe.

Excising the Stolen Goods.
An orchestra leader who has a faculty for detecting reminiscences made himself unpopular with the composer of an opera of serious pretension recently. It had been decided that the performance must be shortened, and the members of the orchestra had been assembled to make some cuts in the score.

"Now," said the leader, "we will begin by shortening the overture."

"What shall we leave out?" asked the concert master.

"Those thirty-two measures beginning with 'Carmen' and ending with 'Rigoletto'."—New York Post.

The Sensitive Jeeter.
"De Wooze seemed to get mad because I didn't laugh at that weakened joke of his."

"Humor him when you can. You see, De Wooze is the sort of humorist that expects somebody to smash the bass drum every time he chortles a pun."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Warranted to Work.
"Your hardwood floors are always so exquisitely polished," said Mrs. Jones.

"How do you manage it?"

"Oh, I just put chamomile rompers on the children and let them play in the house," responded Mrs. Brown.—Lippincott's.

Sponge Fishing.
Every boat engaged in the Jamaican sponge industry has a water glass or pane of glass inserted in the bottom of a box or bucket, through which the sponges are readily detected.

Sneaky.
Lawyer—Sneaky sort of man? What do you mean, sir? Witness—Well, sor, he's the sort of man that'll never look straight in the face until yer back's turned.

Fined For Not Voting.
The outstanding feature of most British elections is the large number of electors who fail to record their vote. In some countries voting is compulsory and electors are fined if they do not do their duty as citizens and avail themselves of the franchise.

According to the universal suffrage law of Australia, all those on the register must record their votes, and at the last general election in that country 50,000 electors were fined sums from 8s. 4d. downward because they neglected to go to the polls.

Spain is another country that looks on voting as a national duty, at least in a municipal election. Should a citizen omit to cast his vote his name is published as a defaulter, his taxes are increased by 2 per cent, while if he be in the public service his salary is reduced by 1 per cent. Should he commit the fault a second time he is debarred forever from holding an elective position or an appointment under government.—London Spare Moments.

The Lost Dime.
A man sent his neighbor's little boy to the drug store to buy five postage stamps. He handed him two dimes, the extra one being for himself. Some time afterward the boy came back blubbering and said he had lost one of the dimes.

"But why didn't you buy me the stamps?" asked the man.

"Because, mister," replied the boy, "I was your dime I lost."—Judge.

Pigs and a Palace.
King Charles of Roumania made many changes in his Balkan kingdom since he arrived there in 1886 after an adventurous journey in disguise from Germany. Notable among them are the changes in the capital and the royal palace. When he made his triumphal entry as the country's new prince the carriage reached a house before which a guard of honor was stationed. "What house is that?" he asked. "That is the palace," replied General Golski. The prince, thinking he had misunderstood him, said: "Where is the palace?" And the general was so embarrassed that he could only point silently to the one storied building. The principal feature of the view from the windows on one side was a gipsy encampment, with swine wallowing in the main road before the palace.

Sir Francis Drake Still a Terror.
No public monument is needed to keep alive among Mexicans the memory of Sir Francis Drake's exploits in Central and South America. Traveling in Mexico a few years ago Mr. Edward Smith records that he "heard a woman calming a tempestuous child by saying, 'Ah! viene Drake!' (Here comes Drake). I made minute inquiries and found that it is a common threat to children on the Mexican coast, like unto 'Bony will get you' or 'The Black Douglas shall get you.' Fancy people still living in terror of seeing Drake's topsails on the horizon."—London Chronicle.

Tactless.
"Everything that is lovely reminds me of you," he fervently declared.

"It is nice of you to say that," she replied. "I hope you see a great many lovely things."

"I wish I did, but this is such a dreary, dismal place, don't you know?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Medical Advice.
"Doctor, how can I prevent my husband from talking in his sleep?"

"Well, you might try giving him a few opportunities in the daytime."—Pittsburgh Post.

Only to Be Expected.
The Optimist—I hear Brownsmith is going to be married. The Pessimist—Serves him right. I never did like that fellow.—Lippincott's.

Right on the Job.
During a flood which swept away several small railroad bridges and quite a stretch of track an operator in a country town along the line saw one of the company's box cars floating down the river. Instantly he sprang to his key and reported the matter to the main office.

"Mr. James," eagerly cried the operator in the main office to a railroad chief, "V. G. reports that a box car is floating down the river at his place!"

"Is it ours?" asked the railroad, still looking over the pile of papers before him.

"He says it is," answered the main office operator after another spasm of telegraphy, "and wants to know what to do."

"All right," smiled the railroad man. "Just tell him to swim out to it and set the brakes."—Exchange.

Without "Padding."
The teacher of the class in English, says the Detroit Free Press, demanded that the pupils all write for their daily exercise a brief account of a baseball game.

One boy sat through the period seemingly wrapped in thought, while the others worked hard and turned in their narratives. After school the teacher approached the desk of the laggard.

"I'll give you five minutes to write that description," he sternly said. "If it is not done by that time I shall punish you."

The boy promptly concentrated all his attention upon the theme as the teacher slowly counted the moments. At last, with joyful eagerness, he scratched a line on his tablet and handed it to his master. It read:

"Rain—no game."

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



LAIS

A Story Showing the Power of Beauty Without Conscience For Evil

By F. A. MITCHEL

Alexis Alexandrovich, a tall, slender youth of fifteen, went hunting rode up to a peasant's cottage on his father's estate in Russia to ask for a drink of water. A little girl, not more than seven years of age, stood in the door looking up at him with the mild blue eyes indigenous to northern climates. Her hair, too, was of a light hue, but her cheeks were a pair of roses. As she looked at the young man her face broke into a smile, revealing white teeth, while a dimple appeared in each cheek. Alexis forgot about the drink of water, so enraptured was he in the beauty of the child.

"Lais!" he exclaimed.

The girl continued to look at him and, notwithstanding her few years, perceived that she was admired.

"Do you know," he asked, "why I call you Lais?"

"No."

"I will tell you. More than 400 years before our Saviour came upon earth an Athenian general captured a picturesque village on the island of Sicily. Among his prisoners was a little girl about your age, so bewitchingly beautiful that he carried her back with him to Athens, where a great artist painted her as a nymph at a fountain, and all the great men of the time were enraptured with her."

"Did they give her pretty presents?" asked the child.

"Alas! Underneath all this beauty lurks the viper—the desire to use the charms to obtain 'pretty presents.' One day the child might not only secure the presents, but ruin those who gave them to her."

This was the first meeting between Alexis Alexandrovich, the son of Count Alexandrovich, a Russian nobleman, who dwelt, as his ancestors had dwelt before him, on his estate, a kind master to his serfs and a humble subject of the czar. The boy received a cup of water from the child, and as she handed it up to him he noticed the beautiful shape of the arm and hand that extended it. And as tender as were her years out of her eyes came a look to charm him. He laughed that one so young should show such a disposition and rode away, leaving the child gazing after him.

Alexis, who was studying at the time to enter the university, found when he returned to his books that the face and figure of the child kept thrusting themselves between his eyes and the page before him. As soon as his school hours were ended he went again to the peasant's cottage, making excuse this time that he wished to borrow from her father a gun with which to shoot birds. The man was intent on the matter of the gun, but his wife noticed that Alexis had not come for a gun, but to feast his eyes on her little daughter. After Alexis had gone she said to her husband:

"I foresee great things for our Katia. Such beauty must elevate her to a higher rank than ours. Did you notice the admiration in the eyes of the young count?"

"No."

"It was plain to me. He will come here at times to gaze at her, and if her beauty holds when she comes to womanhood he will marry her, and instead of spending her days in this hut, she will live up on the hill and be a countess."

Many were the excuses Alexis made to see his Lais, as he called her. Now it was fishing tackle, now his horse needed a shoe—for the peasant was a smith—but whatever it was he wanted his eyes never left the child while he was at her father's place, and Lais knew that she had made her first captive. When Christmas came and brought with it a little ring from Alexis she gave the kiss he asked for, but after he went away her young brows knit, and her mother asking her if she was dissatisfied with her gift, she pouted and replied:

"Yes. There is no gem in it."

Alexis went to the university; but, though he left his father, his mother and his home behind him, he could not leave his Lais. Those innocent eyes, that delicately rounded face, those exquisitely curved lips that seemed formed only to be kissed, were present in his memory and in his thoughts during his absence, and each year when he returned she had grown a year older, and instead of losing her childish beauty there was added to it that of a budding womanhood.

And now the countess had learned the secret that her son was infatuated with a peasant's daughter. Realizing that such a passion could not be eradicated by argument, she said nothing to him, but arranged with her husband to send Alexis away as soon as he was graduated from the university. The count went to St. Petersburg and obtained a government position for his boy. But, alas, it came too late! The day the appointment arrived Alexis informed his parents that he had married the blacksmith's daughter.

There was nothing for it but to accept the situation. Alexis assured his father and mother that his wife's beauty would gain her an entrance into any society. An elaborate wardrobe was procured for her, and when her husband set out for the capital to enter

upon his duties he took his young bride with him.

There was no disappointment in the reception of the young countess at the capital. From the moment she appeared at court she created a sensation. The czar showed his admiration upon receiving her, and the men of the imperial family vied with each other for her favor. The first painter in St. Petersburg begged to paint her. Her husband, far from fearing that he would be ignored from having a peasant wife, began to dread the attention of men who were loading her with every attention. It was not long before a certain grand duke fell under the influence of the countess' beauty, and one evening when she was preparing to go to a ball at the Winter palace her husband saw her putting on a necklace of pearls so valuable that his father's whole estate would not have purchased it.

The trouble had begun. The countess admitted that the grand duke who was so attentive to her had given it to her, and since her husband could not give her such presents she would get them where she could.

Alexis did not go with his wife that night to the ball, and when she came home he was not there. Nor was he ever seen again at the capital. His wife continued to live there sumptuously, but whence she derived her income no one knew. The Grand Duke Ivan was devoted to her and wished to marry her, but could not do so as long as she had a husband living.

One day papers came from America stating that a man had jumped from the deck of a steamer in New York bay. His baggage on being examined had revealed the fact that he was a Russian named Alexis Alexandrovich.

Had this news come a year earlier the Grand Duke Ivan would have married the widow. Unfortunately when it reached St. Petersburg she had had an illness that spoiled her beauty. So her lover settled 500,000 rubles upon her, thus purchasing an amicable separation between him and her.

But the countess had not been idle in the matter of drawing wealth into her net. Her gems alone were a fortune. She had been successful in the way she had planned. She was very rich, but she had no standing among her own sex. She left Russia and bought a villa on one of the Italian lakes, a chateau in an aristocratic quarter of Paris and several minor establishments elsewhere. But, while she lived in grandeur, she had not risen socially above the peasant she was born. She made several entrees into the social life of places where she was not known, but her story followed her, and she was dropped.

The countess had no conscience, but she had a dread. There were active as well as passive crimes to her debit, and she feared that some one of them would tear down the structure she had built up and leave her at the mercy of the law. She had no remorse for the young man whose life she had wrecked. She had been born without either conscience or remorse, but the cloud that hung over her slowly deepened. At first it was no bigger than a man's hand. She had relied implicitly for immunity from punishment upon that puissant beauty with which she felt sure she could bring any man to do her bidding. Then came the loss of her weapon, and for the first time in her life she felt defenseless.

One day the cloud which had now become as black as midnight sent forth a bolt. She was in her garden in her villa on the lake. A man whose hair was as white as snow and whose face was furrowed met her face to face as she turned a clump of trees.

"Who are you?" asked the countess.

"And what are you doing in my grounds?"

"I have come to warn you. As to who I am, I can prove my identity by a single word."

"Speak it," she said.

"Lais!"

She shuddered, but made no reply. But presently she said:

"I thought you were dead."

"I preferred you should think me dead and arranged the evidence of my demise. But there is no time to lose. For that love I bore you when you were a child and I but a youth I have come to save you. Go from here at once. The Italian police are coming this night to arrest you on the requisition of the czar of Russia. This I know; how I know it does not matter."

He turned and left the garden. The countess staggered to the house, and within half an hour, disguised as an old man, she was pulled in a boat across the lake, where she hired a post carriage and was drawn over the border into Switzerland.

Count Alexandrovich returned to Russia, intending to devote himself to his old father and mother, whom he had made to suffer for his ill fated marriage. He found them both dead, having succumbed to the ruin of the son they loved so well. The count sold his estates and, returning to America under an assumed name, made a home for himself in the far west, where he endeavored to forget his past in the work of raising grain. Amid the tall corn and the waving wheat he gradually became again a man with a future, for he was still barely past middle age.

An old woman, Lais now lives on a hill looking down into one of the sea-coast cities of South America. She is a veritable hag. She has no servants to do her bidding, for all her visible fortune was sequestered by the governments of the countries in which it lay, and her jewels she lost years ago at Monte Carlo. She has returned to the conditions under which she was born, except that her marvelous beauty has given place to hideous ugliness.

Since this was written her husband, having received the news of his wife's death, has married again.

Puzzling the Sassenach.

We have long been accustomed to puzzling the Sassenach, says the Glasgow News, by talking familiarly about "Mulliguy," which he looks for in vain even in the most reliable atlas, or if he should discover it under the disguise of Milngavie we try him with "Lochn'neuch" (or Lochneuech, to spell it phonetically). Many Scotsmen even would fail to recognize this as Lochwinnoch. A commercial traveler has just discovered another of these peculiar local names while on his rounds up north. He had noticed at a station where his train stopped an old porter limping alongside the tram and crying out at every other step, "Ach! Ach!" and assumed, so he said, that the poor fellow was suffering from rheumatism, the pain of which caused him to complain in this guttural way. He was even commenting on the cruelty of making the man work when the other passengers explained that "Ach" was the correct pronunciation of the name of the station, "Avoch."

His Tombstone a Baseball.

The grave of William A. Hulbert, at one time president of the old National baseball league, is marked with a tombstone in the shape of a baseball. When Mr. Hulbert died, in 1882, some of his old associates set about to show their love and respect for him, and the result was the monument in Graceland cemetery, Chicago. The baseball is made of red granite, about twenty inches in diameter, showing the seams as they appear upon the balls used in the regulation games. Across the top appears in raised letters, "W. A. Hulbert, President National League, P. B. C., 1876, 1882." On one side appear the names of four clubs in the old league—Boston, Providence, Worcester and Troy—and on the other those of the other four—Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo and Detroit. Also there is a headstone of white marble, upon which appears the name, together with the date of birth, Oct. 23, 1832, and the date of death, April 10, 1882.

Winds of Wellington.

Australians boast that anywhere throughout the world their national call, "Coo-ee," will always be answered by a fellow Australian. A writer in the London Chronicle reports having heard it so given and answered in a London theater. "But other people from the antipodes have their signs of origin. If you see a man walking along and although a breeze does not stir the air he involuntarily holds his hat firmly to his head whenever he comes to a street corner you should greet him with the question, 'Well, and how are things in Wellington?' Thereupon he will fall upon your neck as a fellow New Zealander in London, for in Wellington the winds are so tempestuous that the habit of holding the hat firmly to one's head when passing a side street becomes second nature and proclaims the man from Wellington all over the world."

Brain and Bulk in School.

Two parents sat side by side at the school prize giving. They had been dragged there by their wives to see the distribution of prizes which had not been gained by their own children. It was an occasion of almost monumental dullness. Then, says the Manchester Guardian, one of them had a happy idea. He whispered to his friend, "I'll lay you two to one in sixpences that the second boy in each class is taller than the first boy." He won every time till his friend repudiated the wager in disgust.

"How did you know? Had you seen the list of prize winners?" he was asked.

"Well, I noticed when at school that brain and bulk never went together, and I thought it was worth speculating on today."

Cut Off the "Mr."

The deprivation of the prefix "Mr." was one of the penalties enforced in the American colonies during the seventeenth century. The records of Massachusetts show that in 1680 Josias Plafstowe was condemned for "stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians, to return them eight baskets again, to be fined 25 and hereafter to be called Josias, not Mr., as he used to be." The Massachusetts penal code also provided for docking women of the prefix "Mrs.," but there is no record of this clause having been enforced.

Softening the Shock.

"Will you give me something to drink?" he asked faintly of the nurse.

"Certainly," said the nurse, offering him a glass of water.

He put up his hand feebly. "Give it to me in a teaspoon, please," he whispered huskily, "until I get used to it"—London Answers.

Posted on Eugenics.

Susie (aged six)—And when we grow up we'll be married, won't we, Bobbie? Bobbie (sadly)—No, Susie, I am really very sorry, but I can't marry into your family. Your papa has weak eyes and your auntie has spasms.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Well Inclosed.

"My poor man, you are the picture of dejection," sympathetically declared the prison visitor.

"And a framed picture at that," added the convict.—Buffalo Express.

Source of Sepia.

Sepia is one of the commonest of art-ists' paints. It is a deep brown in color and is prepared from the black, ink fluid discharged by the cuttle fish to blind and baffle its enemies.

Youth is the opportunity to do something and become somebody.—Munger.

Not Used to Sleepers.

The nervous old lady approached the porter in a sleeping car and asked: "Oh, porter, where do I sleep?"

"What's the numbah ob youah berth, ma'am?" he asked.

She looked at him questioningly for a minute and then replied, "I don't see what that has to do with it, but if you must know, it is third; there was a brother and sister born before me."—Exchange.

Ought to Know.

Manager—The critics say that in the play "A Wronged Wife" you do not exhibit enough emotion when your husband leaves you, never to return. Popular Actress—Oh, I don't, don't I? Well, I've had two or three husbands leave me, never to return, and I guess I know as much about how to act in those circumstances as anybody.—London Tit-Bits.

For Sale

Located in Milesburg Borough. Good Comfortable Home

with all modern improvements, complete bath room, acetylene lights, hot air furnace, fine cellar, summer-house, chicken house, pig-pen, garage, gasoline tank, large stable, elegant garden, lot of fruit, nice side yard.

Lot 50 x 150 Feet

All buildings were roofed last fall with Cedar shingles and fitted with new rain spouts.

Also a 5-acre field that should go with his home—about 1000 yards from above mentioned property.

Also 1 brick building 45x78ft., 2 story, suitable for carriage works, livery stable or for any manufacturing purposes. Above premises will be sold at a sacrifice price. Inquire of

MRS. ADA J. BULLOCK,
State College, Pa.

While you Walk.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It instantly takes the sting out of corns itching feet, ingrowing nails, and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller after using. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous and swollen, tender, thing feet. Try it today. Sold every where - 25c. Trial package FREE Ad

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Prepares for teaching, platform, stage. Cures stammering and other speech defects. English and Physical Culture. Send for prospectus.

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Every man should have intimate relations with a good bank, ready at all times to help its patrons. Let us open an account with you. We may prove to be a friend when you need one.

The First National Bank,
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Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoting and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

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Harry Keller,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,

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J. Thomas Mitchell,

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave, Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.

Leave, Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909, trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

WESTWARD.	1	A. M.	2	P. M.
Lev. Bellefonte.....	6.30	10.15	2.00	
Coleville.....	6.35	10.6	2.07	
Morris.....	6.38		2.10	
Stevens.....	6.43		2.17	
Hunters Park.....	6.46		2.21	
Pillmore.....	6.50	10.34	2.26	
Briarley.....	6.55		2.33	
Waddies.....	7.00	10.45	2.38	
Krumrine.....	7.12		2.50	
State College.....	7.25	11.10	3.30	
Strubbs.....	7.27			
Bloomersford.....	7.31			
Pine Grove Mills.....	7.35			3.40

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday. "T" Stop 242

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD.	2	A. M.	1	P. M.
Lev. Pine Grove Mills.....	7.35		3.20	
Bloomersford.....	7.40			
Strubbs.....	7.45			
State College.....	8.00		3.08	
Krumrine.....	8.07		3.00	
Waddies.....	8.15		3.30	
Briarley.....	8.20		3.37	
Pillmore.....	8.31		3.38	
Hunters Park.....	8.35		3.40	
Stevens.....	8.38		3.43	
Morris.....	8.43		3.40	
Coleville.....	8.46		3.43	
Bellefonte.....	8.50		3.46	

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR BACKACHE, KIDNEY AND BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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To make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in

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An encyclopedia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photographs, 4 color plates and 6000 illustrations. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a beautiful growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling out. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

RHEUMATISM PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY THE ENGLISH REMEDY BLAIR'S PILLS

SAFE & EFFECTIVE. 50c. & \$1.00. DRUGGISTS OR 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE FOR STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold tins. Take no others. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS. 25c. per box. Sold by Druggists EVERYWHERE.

Here and There.

Father Caprio is ill in the Bellefonte hospital.

Mrs. John Noll has been quite ill for several days.

A small dance was given in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening.

Miss Sarah Hastings is entertaining Miss Bailey, of Harrisburg. Joseph Lose, of Philadelphia, was here for a few days last week.

Mrs. Louisa Harris leaves this week to visit her son, James, in Philadelphia.

Mrs. William P. Wilson leaves this week to visit with the Hillers, at Chester.

E. P. Irvin returned to Bellefonte from Cherry Tree, on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Labe, of Altoona, spent Sunday at the home of George Lose.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings and Mrs. Ross Hickok motored over from Bedford yesterday in the latter's car.

William Wallace, of Crafton, visited over Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. William Conley.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Gates returned home from their honeymoon tour on Monday evening.

Colonel William Teller departed on Monday for New York, from which place he sails today for Cuba.

Mrs. Bolt, of New York, who was the house guest of Mrs. M. I. Gardner, departed for home on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, of Johnstown, are visiting with the former's mother, on Bishop street.

Miss Desailles Walsh departed on Monday for Pittsburgh to enter the Mercy Hospital as a nurse-in-training.

Rev. C. W. Winey visited in Bellefonte yesterday and today. He says that he likes his new home in Connelville very much.

Robert Bell departed on Tuesday for Philadelphia and will bring Mrs. Bell with him to Bellefonte on Monday of next week.

Miss Fitzgerald, with her guest, Miss Dumont, of New York, went to Williamsport this week to remain for a few days.

Misses Helen and Roxana Mingle are in attendance upon the Sunday school convention this week, at Williamsport.

Miss Myra Humes and Mrs. Archibald Allison are in Williamsport in attendance upon the Sunday school convention.

Mrs. Blanche Schloss, of Philadelphia, is visiting here with her mother, Mrs. Martin Faubus.

W. F. Beck, of Lock Haven, was in town between trains on Tuesday in attendance upon the funeral of the late Mrs. Henry Beck.

Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff and Bud Thompson, the latter of Martha, are in West Virginia looking after recent developments in their coal lands.

Charles Larimer, of Indiana, agent Sunday with Mrs. Larimer and little daughter, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Schofield, on Thomas street.

Mrs. Wilson Norris departed on Tuesday for Harrisburg, expecting to return here May 1st and occupy the property she has rented on Curtin Street.

Mrs. Frank Warfield and Dr. Edith Schad returned from Johnstown on Monday, after attending the State convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. Emma Butz, of State College, accompanied her guest, Mrs. Oaks, to Bellefonte on Tuesday, the latter being enroute to her home in Iowa. Mrs. Butz returned home yesterday.

Harry Fitzgerald, who is engaged in the dental supply business in Columbus, Ohio, spent several days in Bellefonte this week visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Fitzgerald, on Spring Street.

Harold Gardner, who has a nice position with the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co., in Pittsburgh, arrived home on Monday for a brief vacation. Mrs. Gardner and Harold, also Mrs. Cheney Hicklen and daughter, Mary motored to Reedsville yesterday, expecting to return today.

The large audience and also Manager Garman encountered a disappointment in the production of "Dear Old Billy," at the Opera House on Monday night. John Marble, who portrayed "Dear Old Billy," deserves to be with a better company. About the only other good feature of the show was that it was concluded at 10 o'clock.

Announcement has been made of the marriage at Middletown, N. Y. on September 30th, of Miss Martha Mears Yocum and Richard W. Canfield. The bride is a daughter of the late Congressman Seth Yocum. She was born in Bellefonte. Her father was a law partner of the late D. G. Bush. The groom is a son of Edward Canfield, superintendent of the Ontario & Western Railroad.

The Epworth League members of the Methodist Episcopal church will give a reception to the Academy boys and their friends from among the student body, also to give newly received Epworth League members, on Friday evening, October 10th, at 8.30 o'clock, instead of Saturday evening, as was previously announced. All members are invited to be present and are requested to note the change in date.

James Rice, of Bellefonte, left on Tuesday for Bloomsburg, where he will be employed.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Clemson, of Stormstown, were Bellefonte visitors on Monday evening.

Arthur C. Thomas, of near Stormstown, was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

Lyman Emerick, of Scotia, was a business visitor in town between trains on Saturday of last week.

Contractor R. B. Taylor was home from his Washington County contract to spend Sunday with his children.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Rath and little daughter, Jane, returned on Sunday to their home in Elizabeth, N. J.

Mrs. Scott Lose left on Monday for Sandy Ridge to visit at the home of her brother, Patterson Irvin, who is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dorworth, of Baltimore, who visited for a week at the home of Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Dorworth, departed on Sunday night for Erie.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider and daughter, Mrs. Charles E. Dorworth, and grand-daughter, Rebecca Dorworth, departed yesterday for Philadelphia, to be gone a week or ten days.

Former Postmaster John Gowland, of Philipsburg, has gone to Philadelphia for further treatment for his eyes. That he will return greatly benefited is the hope of many admiring friends.

Don Baldwin, for some months assistant clerk at the Bush House, recently resigned that position and on Monday departed for Pittsburgh. He will again engage as a salesman handling picture frames.

Mrs. Samuel F. Eldredge, of Cape May, arrived in Bellefonte on Tuesday evening having been summoned home owing to the critical illness of her mother, Mrs. William Laurie, on Spring Street.

Dr. J. E. Ward was in Altoona on Tuesday and yesterday, in attendance upon the annual convention of the Central Penna. Dental Association. During the sessions he conducted one of the several clinics.

Beginning with next Sunday, the morning services in the St. John's Reformed Church will be held at 11 a. m. instead of 10.30 a. m. The same change in the hour for morning service has been established at the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Upward of forty cases of typhoid fever in Renovo led to an investigation that showed contaminated milk being received from Muncy. Ward, a son of Mr. and Mrs. George Yarnell, of Zion, is among the fever patients and his parents were summoned to Renovo several days ago by the critical state of his condition.

Harvey Gingham was a visitor to Bellefonte on Monday, his mission being to look up a house for his brother-in-law, Charley Taylor. The latter is at present express messenger between Tyrone and Lock Haven, but in the near future he will take charge of the Adams Express Co. office at Bellefonte.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

George F. Smith	Howard
Anne L. Kane	"
Jno. V. Bowers	Philipsburg
Anna May Black	"
Alexander Berry	Cleveland, O.
Edna Mason	Troy, Pa.
Chas. S. Mendler	Lewistown
Minnie B. Leister	Centre Hall
Russel E. Hockman	Flemington
Rhoda E. Dorman	Lock Haven
Leland P. Lomadue	Blue Ball
Rachel M. Absalom	Brishin
Jas. C. Witmer	Bellefonte
Ida A. Poorman	Yarnell

Married at Snow Shoe.

Frank H. Fay and Mrs. Anna P. Perry, both of Hollidaysburg, were married at noon on Saturday, last, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Snyder, at Snow Shoe. The groom is a well-known member of the Blair County bar. His bride is a daughter of the late Samuel Milliken, of Hollidaysburg.

Man Shot For a Bear.

While setting traps in the mountain near Emporium last Friday night, a young man named Ernest was mistaken for a bear and shot in the back by Peter Verguson, another hunter. Verguson was not more than 40 feet away when he fired and Ernest's wound may result fatally.

Hospital Notes.

Admitted for treatment—Orlander Smith, Howard; Bessie Grove, aged 13, Roopburg; Miss Josie Woomer, State College; Miss Mabelle Zerby, Tusseyville; Henry Gross, Bellefonte. Operations—Chester Straw, aged 2 years, Julian.

Daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gross, Bellefonte. Discharged—Joseph Barnes, Pleasant Gap.

Basket Sale.

Special Sale of the Bellefonte Baskets, at China Hall, Bellefonte, Pa., October 23 & 24. All Baskets will be sold at greatly reduced prices. This is an opportunity to purchase your Christmas presents.

M. I. GARDNER.

Mary Anne Rerick Dead.

Mary Anne Rerick, an esteemed resident of Bellefonte, died at 3.45 o'clock on Saturday, October 4th, from heart failure. Her death occurred at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Dorsey Hunter, where she had resided for some time past. Funeral services were held from the late home on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the services being conducted by Rev. Mr. Glanding. Interment was made in the Union cemetery. Deceased was a daughter of Daniel and Polly Rerick and at the time of her death was 69 years old. She never married and made her home with her brother, the late L. C. Rerick, until the time of his death. After that she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Hunter. She was a woman of a rather unassuming disposition, but by those who knew her intimately she was held in affectionate esteem. She was a life-long member of the Lutheran church and always took an active interest in the affairs of the Ladies Aid Society and other church organizations. Surviving is one sister, Mrs. Sarah Thompson, of Reynoldsville.

Jacob Craft Dead.

Jacob Craft, for 57 years a resident of Snow Shoe, died at his late home at that place on Sunday evening, last, at 7 o'clock. His death was the culmination of a lingering illness which was precipitated by a stroke of paralysis suffered one year ago yesterday. Funeral services were held from the late home on Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Mr. Ruch. Interment was made in the Askey cemetery. Deceased was born at Brookville, Jefferson county, October 19, 1831, and removed to Snow Shoe when he was 25 years of age. Surviving are a number of children including—William, of Clearfield; Mrs. Sarah Viedendorfer, A. L. Craft, S. S. Craft, of Moshannon; Edward Craft, of Philipsburg; Mrs. Estella Dixon, of Zion; Ma. Tillie Young, of Lock Haven; Mrs. Bella Barger, of Curwensville, and Charles Dexter Craft, supposedly residing in the West. Several brothers also survive, including David Craft, of Philipsburg, and Charles Craft, of Brookville.

A Good Investment For The Family.

In these days of wide vision and broad interests, when what happens at a distance is often of as much concern to intelligent folk as what happens in their own communities, every family ought to subscribe for at least one well-edited city newspaper. For people who measure newspaper value by quality rather than by bulk, there is none better for the purpose of keeping in touch with the progress of events at home and abroad than "The Philadelphia Record."

"The Philadelphia Record" is clean, alert and reliable. It prints the news without color or distortion, as concisely as possible, but always readably. Its daily departments cater to a wide range of interests and tastes. It is a recognized authority on sports, household affairs and fashions. Its market quotations are the standard by which transactions in farm products are governed throughout the territory it serves. Thorough covering of the news fields of its own and neighboring States has always been a valuable "Record" feature, and one which its army of readers in the smaller cities and towns of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland appreciate.

There is information and entertainment in "The Philadelphia Record" for every member of the family, and a subscription to that newspaper is a profitable investment in the interest of the home.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Abram V. Miller to Wm. H. Noll et al, tract of land in Spring Twp. \$3000.
J. S. Holter et ux to Henry S. Williams, premises in Howard Boro. \$1200.
Isaac M. Orndorff, Trustee, to Arthur C. Silvis tract of land in Haines Twp. \$297.90.

Kate Horner to Samuel Kresmer, premises in Centre Hall. \$1000.

Antonio DeAngelo et ux to George Silipka, tract of land in Rush Twp. \$460.

Annie Cunningham et bar to John A. Finkbinder, tract of land in Bellefonte. \$1500.

Frank B. Stover Exr. to Elmer E. Vaughn et al, tract of land in Rush Twp. \$65.

Olive Stein et al to Harry Craft, tract of land in Philipsburg. \$800.

H. P. Bock et ux to Catherine Switzer, tract of land in Philipsburg. \$1.

Frank B. Stover Admr. to Elmer E. Vaughn, tract of land in Philipsburg. \$366.

Isaac M. Orndorff Trustee to Harvey C. Brungard, tract of land in Haines Twp. \$635.

After the Fall Work is Done.

Why not enter the Lock Haven Normal School October 27th? You can spend seven and a half weeks there for \$36.25 if you are over seventeen and intend to teach. The winter term will begin January 5th. Write for catalogue, to Dr. George P. Singer, Principal. 10-2-3t.

World's Series Results.

The first two base ball games in the World's Series this week resulted: first game Athletics, 6; New York, 4. second game, Athletics, 0; New York 3.



If You Haven't Seen the New Suits and Overcoats

we've got ready for you--don't wait any longer. The new models are better than you've ever seen; the prices are easy. You've a great treat in store for you when you come here--We've a selection to offer--surpassing any of our former showings. Style goodness--style extreme--style conservative--in a diversity of materials and fabrics that is unusual. For the fellow who wants to be a little ahead--we've new English models--made especially to our specifications and ideas that are really advanced styles--Styles other clothiers won't show until next season.

For the conservative dresser we've refined, handsome models that are absolutely correct without being distinctive--Smart, every one of them.

Price range is \$10--\$12.50--\$15--\$18 and higher--You'll find a suit or overcoat here to measure up to your taste at what ever price you care to invest--and the fullest value at each price.

New Velvet Neckwear--New Soft Hats in the favored Blues and Browns, in this week.

Store closed Saturday Oct. 11th, Jewish Holiday, will be open at 6 P. M.

SIM THE CLOTHIER

BELLEFONTE,

STATE COLLEGE

The Straight Road

This is the title of a little book that leads you straight to that new Fall Suit or Overcoat you are intending to buy.

"The Straight Road" contains pictures and descriptions of nine different styles of suits and nine kinds of overcoats--the choicest of the coming season's styles. The garments described in this booklet are now on display in our store. They are genuine Montgomery-Quality, the very best in men's clothing.

Your copy of "The Straight Road" is now awaiting your call, or it will be mailed on request. Ask for it to-day
Agency for Stetson Hats.

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